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A BARD'S REVERIE;

WITH

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

SONGS, AND BALLADS.

BY OSSIAN MACPHERSON.

———"What is writ, is writ,
"Would it were worthier, but"——

London:

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DEDICATION.

To G * * * * * F * * * * *, Esq.



Sir,

I have, unpermitted, presumed to dedicate the following pages to you, as a humble testimony of perdurable gratitude for the many acts of kindness I have experienced from your respected Lady and yourself.

Should the sentence of impartial criticism doom these humble Lays to perish in their infancy, it will be some consolation to me to know, that the above initials will not inform the world whose name I shall have associated with my defeat.

On the contrary, in the event of an indulgent Public thinking that they possess a sufficient degree of merit to warrant an expectation of better things, as experience ripens, it will then reflect no discredit on you, if I make known the name in full of one who rescued me from the depths of poverty, and the darkest stoge of despair.

I am,

Sir,

With the greatest respect,

Your ever grateful Servant,

OSSIAN MACPHERSON.

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PREFACE.

I know not whether the title of this book will ever tempt any person to a perusal of its contents. Lest such a circumstance *should* take place, I consider it an act of justice to myself to make a few observations thereon.

It has now become the almost invariable custom with young Candidates for poetic honors, to make known the different periods of youth at which their compositions were produced, and although the custom is somewhat hackneyed, yet, in some cases it is, without doubt,

absolutely necessary. It is with no intention of screening the faults and defects of the following effusions, that I beg to remark that (with one or two trifling exceptions) they were written before their author had completed his twenty-second year. My object in being thus particular, is, by stating the circumstances under which this work was ushered into existence, to endeavour to excuse myself for having published that which was written at so early an age, and to soften the asperity of the critical reader, who, as he glances over these pages, may wonder why they were not in maturer years consigned to the flames—I unfortunately became *pledged to publish*.

Three years ago, upon recovering from a long and severe illness, I found myself so completely destitute, without any prospect of obtaining employment, that I knew not what to do to obtain a livelihood. The only influential personages to whom I applied to

interest themselves for me, advised me to enlist for a soldier, which however I could not do, consistent with certain principles, which I trust I shall ever retain in my breast. At length I determined to endeavour to publish the present work by subscription. It was my last resource—it was a struggle between necessity and principle, and principle triumphed. I received subscriptions in advance from certain parties, which subscriptions were expended in furthering my views, and relieving my immediate necessities ; consequently, I became pledged in honor either to publish or refund ; the latter I could not do, the former I have done : I have launched my frail bark upon a troubled ocean, and must leave others to value its contents.

It is, however, somewhat gratifying to know that whatever condemnation or praise may be attached to the following pages, it will fall entirely upon myself,—that none but myself will have to bear the smart of failure—if failure it proves.

I have sought neither information nor advice from any person. These effusions were begun one New Year's Eve, when I was an humble errand boy, and finished when I was a still humbler *nothing*. If they be condemned, it will not be unexpected ; if they be but *slightly* praised, it will create such a pleasurable thrill in my heart, as will never be forgotten. Critics ! I implore your mercy.

A BARD'S REVERIE.

HAIL, friendly pipe ! and thou, my cherish'd weed,
Thou choicest comfort in the poet's need ;
Come, kindred friend, whose virtues never fail,
Awhile thy potent magic I'll inhale ;
And as thy soft fantastic wreaths ascend,
On present—future—past—my thoughts I'll bend ;
And lest my heart should over-wearied fall,
Inspiring Fancy to its aid I'll call.

Hail, Fancy, hail ! ' the poet's only nurse ;
Hail, blessed spirit of immortal verse !
One gift is thine—that gift is all I ask ;
Do thou but aid me in my chosen task.

Come with the legend, and the days of yore ;
Come with the maiden lute, and minstrel lore ;
Come with the warrior in his burnish'd mail ;
Come with the shepherd of the lonely dale ;
Come on the rolling of the battle's swell ;
Come on the echo of the convent bell.

In all thy shapes, in all thy varied forms,
In calm and sunshine, or in howling storms ;
In gloom and sorrow, thou shalt welcome be,
In joy, no friend on earth so dear as thee.
Come as thou wilt, but in my bosom stay,
And kindly do thou prompt each humble lay.

Since first I knew thee, and thy visions wild,
Sad years have pass'd, (for I was then a child)
Still—oft I think upon those happy years,
A stranger then to life, its hopes and fears ;
No fitful tempest in my bosom rag'd,
And not one bitter thought my mind engag'd.

Ah me ! what changes have since then come round—
Care's stamp is now upon my forehead found ;

The rosy face—for ever cheerful, gay,
Its smile has ceas'd, its bloom has died away :
The brow that then did smooth, unruffled shine,
Is dull and furrow'd now with many a line.
All, all have chang'd, ev'n mem'ry bears a part
In adding sorrow to my chilly heart.

Yet, hold ! I've still a shelter for my head,
I've still a pallet I can call my bed ;
I've still a taper for the silent night,
I've still a head to think—a hand to write.
Then, though ten thousand woes should round me lurk,
I'll seize my pen, and bid my fancy work.

'Tis midnight now, and ev'ry door is fast ;
Adown the chimney roars the sulky blast ;
And driving hard against each window pane,
Descends in furious show'rs the wintry rain.
Poor houseless mortals ! doom'd this night to roam,
By want and poverty bereft of home ;
By hunger famish'd, and assail'd with cold ;
Whose melting stories to the winds are told ;

Forc'd to abide the howling tempest drear,

On you do I bestow my all—a tear. “

’Tis midnight now ! farewell, old year, to thee !

A few short moments past—thou’lt cease to be ;

Another year but waits thy parting chime,

To fill thy throne, and reign th’ allotted time.

And soon th’ untiring clock, and solemn bell,

Throughout the earth shall sound thy fun’ral knell :

But yet, before that fearful knell is o’er,

How many breathing now, shall breathe no more ;

How many yet within the womb—unborn—

May live on earth, before the coming morn,

And each, in after life, with wrinkled face,

Unto this hour their woe or welfare trace.

’Tis sweet to me, at such an hour as this,

The hour of tender love and holy bliss ;

When mothers press their slumb’ring infants dear,

Slaves dream of freedom—tyrants start with fear ;

When misers count their useless treasures o’er

With sickly light, and strongly bolted door ;

When lurking robbers daylight plans pursue,
(For darkness is their friend and helper true ;)
When treach'rous vice, within her secret hells,
Upon her midnight vot'ries casts her spells ;
When lust and folly death-fraught revels keep,
Murd'ring the moments made alone for sleep ;
All else, except the watchman stalking round,
Within the welcome arms of sleep are bound :
Oh yes ! 'tis sweet, when midnight reigns supreme,
To ponder on each fancy painted theme.

On days long past, in mem'ry cherish'd well,
Young days of infancy, I love to dwell,
When in straw hat and petticoats attir'd,
By grannies petted, and by maids admir'd ;
A little lord, my father's son and heir,
Though all he had to leave was want and care.
Methinks I can again myself behold,
Just as I was when scarcely four years old,
A pigmy brat, no higher than a stool,
With eager toddle hast'ning forth to school ;

With snowy pinafore, and neat comb'd hair,
My mother's pride, my mother's chiefest care.
I hear those sounds, still treasur'd in my heart,
Of infant joy, in which I bore a part ;
Though years have pass'd, and long since ceas'd to be,
Still there we stand, each lisping A, B, C.

Or when in riper years, a sturdy boy,
Without one cank'ring thought my heart to cloy,
In thin kilt clad, yet caring nought for cold,
Just like my hardy ancestors of old ;
Joining the school-room dance, or barefoot race,
I join them *now*, and see each well-known face.
Delightful days ! if wishes were not vain,
Oh ! how I'd wish for your return again.
Bless ye, my school-mates, wheresoe'er ye roam,
Bless ye, dear dwelling, childhood's happy home.
Where are those school-mates now ? some mould'ring lie,
Born but to taste of life, and then to die ;
Some brave the tempest, and the stormy tide,
Some, pinched at home, in distant lands reside ;

Some in their country's ranks have ventur'd life,
To peace preferring warfare's bloody strife ;
And some, like me, are still at home—in need,
With hearts like mine, which oft with sorrow bleed.

Oh ! could we meet again, companions dear !
Oh ! could I all your varied hist'ries hear,
What checquer'd stories might ye not unfold,
'T would volumes fill, could ev'ry tale be told.

Oh, happy state, when sorrow never wounds,
Oh, blessed spring which joy alone surrounds ;
Some may be born to wealth, some to be poor,
One born a prince, another born a boor ;
Yet Childhood, all can turn again to thee,
And sigh for days they ne'er again can see.

Enough, enough ! I leave the age of joy,
I see myself a humble errand boy,
When first I knew what 'twas to be a slave,
And what it was a tyrant's will to brave ;
Where I was taught, 'twas sin for me to think,
But like a dog must watch my master's wink ;

At *one* poor lie, to save me from a scrape,
Oh ! how my tyrant then would stare and gape ;
But when *his* int'rest needed lies to tell,
Ah, *then*—I just might utter them *pell-mell*.
Each blockhead's frowns I then must bear with grace,
Or else—poor chance—I must resign my place ;
All that I then possess'd, a little sense,
Was forc'd to bow to shillings, pounds, and pence.
How oft with honest rage my breast has burn'd,
How oft in fancy I th' oppressor spurn'd ;
To think that I, an equal to himself,
In ev'ry thing but despicable pelf,
Must let his taunts within my ears resound,
And cringe and crawl like some unworthy hound.

How many like him does this world contain,
Mere senseless posts, bereft of heart and brain,
Whose lives in one continued *scrape* are spent,
On hoarding lucre ev'ry thought is bent ;
In scorn they live, and when their days are o'er,
No mourning bosoms will their loss deplore.

Time roll'd apace, alas ! new sorrows came,
And love began my bosom to inflame ;
Each day I felt its burning glow increase,
Until the theme was crush'd—and with it, peace.

Now, gentle Mary, passion burns no more,
That love is dead, which could its heat restore ;
Low 'neath the sod thy fairy form decays,
Brief was thy stay on earth, and few thy days ;
It seems, ah ! *seems*, as if thou still wert here,
But mem'ry owns the truth in ev'ry tear ;
It seems as if thou'rt still within my view,
Fresh seem those sparkling eyes where beauty grew ;
Thy smiles still warm my over-ravish'd breast,
It seems but yesterday thy hand I prest ;
Those shining tresses, black as sparkling jet,
Caught by the summer breeze, seem waving yet ;
My lips still bear those tastes of heav'nly bliss,
Each fond imprinted, well remember'd kiss ;
Reflection comes—flow tears, more freely flow !
Reflection makes thee, love, but dearer grow.

Oh, blessed spirit ! if to thee be giv'n
The pow'r to intercede for me in heav'n,
Do thou, sweet angel, plead my earnest prayer,
That soon my willing soul may join thee there.

What shall man seek, when all his hopes are fled,
And grief his brain is bursting in his head ?
They say, that *Time* can all our sorrows crush,
And all life's anguish, softly soothing, hush.
Oh ! 'tis not so, bear witness ye who feel
That sorrow which long years have fail'd to heal ;
Ye, who when mem'ry whispers by-gone tales,
Tell me, ye sadden'd ones, what *Time* avails.
The only med'cine which can yield relief,
Is pure Religion, for the pangs of grief ;
The sole physician for the blight of love,
Is *He*, th' all pitying *He*, in heav'n above.

Here now I wander, broken by the past,
Like some frail sapling, wither'd by the blast ;
Yet oft at eve, in glorious summer days,
When God and Nature inwardly I praise ;

"Tis then I feel the kindest soft relief,

"Tis then awhile I *do* forget my grief.

My fancy roams, myself a bard I see,

A humble one, 'tis true, "of low degree ;"

One of that race whom fortune ever hates,

And rains its cursings on their luckless pates ;

Whose only comfort is in spinning rhyme,

No matter whether foolish or sublime ;

And who, despite the frowns of poverty,

Still loves his muse, and still loves poesy.

There was a time, alas ! for ever fled,

When Bards an honor'd tribe the earth could tread ;

They found a welcome *then* in ev'ry hall,^b

A nation's treasures, reverenc'd by all :

But thirst for gold has chang'd the poet's place,

Now nature's children *pine*, a friendless race.

Who but a poet knows a poet's fate ?

What heart e'er pities, but when 'tis too late ?

Who knows his wanderings from door to door ?

Condemn'd to be for ever wretched, poor.

What mind can picture all the secret grief
Of him who ranks in penury's hosts as chief ?
Oh, none ! yet some there are, 'tis true,
Whose hearts are flesh, alas ! a noble few,
Whose breasts can sympathise, whose tongues can praise,
Who love the poet for his glowing lays ;
Whose hands are ever willing to relieve,
To aid his wants, and bid him cease to grieve.

I've known the poet, fill'd with thoughts sublime,
Whose name may live, perchance, till dead is time ;
I've known him, waking from some holy dream,
Some imagery wild, some new-born theme ;
Sore pinch'd with hunger, and with cold half dead,
Go, book in hand, to seek a little bread.
He seeks a purchaser, some purse-proud knave,
Prefers his book before the golden slave :
The blockhead heeds it not, what it contains
Is Greek to him, and all such witless brains ;
But while he mutters through his teeth a curse,
He draws some paltry coin from out his purse,

Then fain must read a lecture to the bard,
And thus begins—" I think it very hard,
" For me, the fruits of industry to give
" To such as you, in idleness who live ;
" Some useful calling seek, 'twill get you cash,
" And think no more of writing useless trash,
" Or if be scribbling poetry you must,
" Then be content, and starve upon a crust ;
" Here, here's a *shilling*, see you call no more,
" Or you'll be turn'd directly from the door."
Poor ign'rant soul ! he very little knows
The source from which pure Nature's language flows,
Or where would any human feeling be,
If 'twere not kept alive by poetry.
Man will the blandishments of love refuse,
Before the bard can slight his gentle muse.
When nature marks the poet at his birth,
He ceases then to be a child of earth ;
His spirit bursts from human bondage then,
His thoughts are not the common thoughts of men ;

He knows no human rank, no great, nor small,
But clowns and kings, to him, are equals all ;
His giant soul but views the puny world,
As some vile race from Heav'n in anger hurl'd ;
He laughs at wealthy pride, with gold bedeck'd,
But bows to starving wisdom, with respect ;
When pity tells her tale, he ope's his ears,
And when he weeps, he sheds not human tears ;
To him the wisest statesman is a knave,
The boldest hero is the greatest slave ;
To him men race for pow'r, who gains the heat
Has but proclaim'd himself the greatest cheat ;
Let wealth to some, to others pow'r be giv'n,
Yet will the poet's soul be nearest Heav'n ;
Within his bosom will his muse reside,
And there 'twill fondle, like a cherish'd bride.
I've not a distant thought, (indeed in me
It would of vanity the essence be)
To wish to make it in the least appear,
That 'tis myself, that I have pictur'd here—

I've no pretensions to eternal fame,
For small *my* portion is of heav'nly flame :
Although misfortune's winds at times will blow,
I've found few friends, but *never* yet a foe.
No, no ! I speak of days that now have fled,
I speak of bards, *some* sleeping with the dead ;
Of some, who now within earth's bosom rest,
Whom fortune hated, nature lov'd the best.

What lists might not be made, nor few, nor scant,
Of heav'n-born spirits crush'd by angry want.
Some like an Otway, *c* who in starving mood,
His vitals knawing, madly rav'd for food ;
Too late some lib'ral hand the loaf supplied,
Too ravenous he eat, was chok'd, and died.
And some like Chatterton, *d* " the wondrous boy,"
Tir'd of a hateful world, their lives destroy :
Too proud the angry frowns of want to bear,
Too proud to struggle with the shafts of care.
And some, their ev'ry ray of reason gone,
But share the fate of much-lov'd Ferguson. *e*

Poor Ferguson ! what breast but heaves a sigh,
Who reads thy story, can a tear deny ?
A wither'd blossom, friendless and unknown,
Thy lay was sweetly sung, but sung alone ;
With god-like genius did thy bosom beat,
Till madness dire drove reason from her seat.
Sad was thy end, without one friend on earth
To cheer the bosom of departing worth :
No hand to mark where ev'n thy corse was pent,
Till Scotland's poet rais'd thy monument,^f
Sad is the picture in my mind I view,
The poet's life, the poet's death-bed too ;
I see him hast'ning to eternal sleep,
No sorrowing faces round his pallet weep ;
His thoughts seem wand'ring o'er the toils and strife,
The woes and sorrows of his dreary life ;
He thinks on *her*, beneath the turf entomb'd,
(To part with her, untasted, was he doom'd,)
And ere his spirit leaves its mortal clay,
'Tis thus, methinks, he sings his parting lay :—

THE DYING BARD'S SONG.^g

Tarry awhile, my fleeting breath,
One moment longer stay ;
Once more I'll sing—ere welcome death
Shall bear my soul away.
I leave a thankless world behind,
Without one lonely sigh ;
Where friends are few, and hearts unkind,
And bosoms cold and dry.
Yet in that world a flow'r did bloom,
A flow'r, my joy and pride ;
Full well I mind the day of gloom,
It wither'd, droop'd, and died.—
Poor blighted heart,—thou soon shalt meet
Thy lone, thy cherish'd love ;
Though parted long—oh ! 'twill be sweet
To meet again above.
Oh ! haste my soul to realms of peace,
My voice is failing fast ;

Here all thy weary wand'rings cease,

Thy troubles all are past. —

Methinks I see a sunny land,

I see a smiling shore,

I feel—I feel death's friendly hand,

Now—now my song is o'er.

He ceases then—still is the poet's breast,

His soul has sped to seek eternal rest ;

'Tis then the world will praise his dazzling flame,

And learning how he died—seek who to blame :^h

And then, perhaps, when weary life is spent,

Will to his mem'ry rear a monument.

Short sighted world !—what fabric does *he* need,

Whose works have gain'd true honor's proudest meed ;

His muse, in future ages will proclaim

The lustre of a never dying name ;

Fabrics will perish, stone will waste away,

But never will the poet's name decay.

Hear but the counsel I would fain impart,

To him who still can boast he has a heart ;

To those who have the means to pile up stones,
As fragile tell-tales over poets' bones ;
Slight not the poet, ne'er his rags despise,
Search for his heart, for there a treasure lies ;
Strive not the streamings of his muse to stem,
For know that then, 'tis nature you condemn ;
Bestow what you on monuments would give,
Upon the famish'd bard, and bid him live.

Where now, Fancy ? well, be it so, we'll roam
Among thy Scottish hearts, thy own wild home ;
And thou shalt sit upon thy mountain throne,
Sweet queen of thought ! the hills are all thine own.

I see !—for bygone days start up apace,
I see again that hardy Scottish race :
Who, while their country groan'd in deep despair,
Condemn'd oppression's galling chains to bear,
Stood nobly forth, and follow'd, fought, and bled,
Where Freedom's champion—noble Wallace led.

Stay ! Fancy, stay ! where art thou wand'ring now,
Whose is that trunkless head, that bloody brow ?

Say, whose that body, sever'd limb from limb,
Oh, say, what mean those monsters, vizor'd, grim ?
One grasps those clust'ring locks, gore-stain'd, and red,
And harshly croaks " Behold a traitor's head ! "
Oh ! say who own'd that heart, that reeking blood ?
My fancy whispers " Wallace—great, and good."

Edward ! accurs'd one—bravest of the age,
For so thy rank is mark'd in Albion's page ;
To me, thy fame will never lust'rous shine,
Can I forget the fiendish act was thine ;
The gloomy vengeance of a tyrant's heart,
Not brav'ry's deed—but 'twas a coward's part.

Come ! Fancy, come, in mem'ry we'll return
To freedom's hallow'd spot,—to Bannockburn ;
I fain would see that little patriot host,
With knightly Bruce, for ever Scotland's boast ;
Fain to my mem'ry would *their* deeds recall,
Whom Slav'ry *could*, but death *could not* appal,
Oh ! what a glorious sight would meet mine eyes,
Could but *that* battle to my vision rise ;

To see at ev'ry stroke of freedom's blade,
Whole ranks of tyrant foemen lowly laid;
To see the fell oppressor, frightened, flee,
Scar'd by the cheering shouts of "liberty."

Rous'd was the blood in ev'ry Scottish vein,
When vengeance madly broke the Southron chain;
Crush'd was the yoke of Southron slavery,
Then Albion learnt that Scotland would be free.

Pass on—pass over Flodden's dismal day,
Where all the forest flow'rs "were wede away;"
When Scotland's maidens ceas'd awhile to sing,
Except the dirge of Scotland's chiefs and king.

Again pass on—behold that angel face,
The loveliest far of Stuart's fated race;
I have the picture now within my sight,
Of her on whom misfortune lov'd to light;
Oh! gaze thee, Fancy, at that royal breast,
And say, if there a murd'rous heart did rest;
Look on that brow, so graceful—noble—fair,
And say if hellish thoughts were shelter'd there?

Look on her face, her ev'ry feature scan,
And say if she could hell-born actions plan.

No ! injur'd one !—stern justice yet will rise,
And crush the slanders of thy enemies ;
Will loudly yet thy innocence proclaim,
And from thy mem'ry blot the bloody name.

Thou wert pale sorrow's daughter, and thy life
Was one continued scene of woe and strife ;
A lovely blossom, nurs'd at sorrow's breast,
On ev'ry hand by enemies oppress'd ;
Thou knew'st no joy, despite thy crown and throne,
For Calumny had mark'd thee for his own.

What was thy crime, the reason of thy doom ?
Whose was the hand that hurl'd thee to the tomb ?
Alas, poor Mary ! *now* the truth is seen,
Thou wert the victim of a jealous queen ;
She who at once could ruin and caress,
Hypocrisy's apt scholar, "*good Queen Bess.*"

Again pass on—next comes a fearful sight,
'Tis not of blood, hot streaming in the fight ;

'Tis not of blood, upon the battle plain,
From wound, and gash of valiant heroes slain ;
'Tis not of blood, in hostile combat shed,
When foe 'gainst foe in equal fight is led ;
That gory heath proclaims a tale of woe,
Of murder's horrid triumph in Glencoe.^j

Oh ! aid me, fancy—aid my humble verse—
Let me the tale of treachery rehearse.

Peace reign'd secure within the mountain walls,
The chieftain proudly trod his honor'd halls ;
The hoary minstrel's sweetest notes were heard,
The shepherd tended safe his fleecy herd ;
The maiden 'neath her youthful lover's plaid,
Heard of his deeds in foray, and in raid :
The mother saw—'twas with a mother's joy,
How like his father grew her darling boy ;
Grey-hair'd and young, all—all seem'd smiling then,
For all were happy in that happy glen.

When fast approaching, like a blast'ning gale,
A glitt'ring band drew near the peaceful vale,

“ Up, up, Glencoe ! come ev’ry heart and blade ;”
And quick the chieftain’s summons was obey’d ;
Each pass was guarded—all the clan prepar’d
To meet the foe—if come as foe he dar’d.

Then spoke the chieftain from his mountain nest,
To him who proudly bore Braidalbin’s crest ;

“ Why wave thy banners wide before Glencoe,

“ Come you my guest, or do I see my foe ?

“ Come ye as friends—then welcome shall ye share

“ Our mountain shelter, and our mountain fare ;

“ Come ye as foes—then ill to you befall,

“ Braidalbin’s crest shall ne’er Glencoe appall ;

“ No ! first, in mortal combat, man to man,

“ Shall wave this blade, and those of all my clan ;

“ First will we bravely perish, side by side.”

“ We come as friends,” Glenlyon false replied ;

“ We come as friends, and gladly would we share

“ Thy mountain shelter, and thy mountain fare ;

“ I give my word, brave chief, no foes are we,

“ But rest—refreshment, would partake with thee :

“ Pure friendship here shall bind us, hand and heart,

“ As friends we come, and will as friends depart.”

So spoke the tempter to our mother Eve,
When in her ear he whisper'd, to deceive ;
So, when Glencoe became a monster's prey,
So spoke Glenlyon on that fatal day.

The proffer'd hand, the chieftain frankly took,
Unbent his bearing bold—his frowning look ;
Pass'd speedy notice to his trusty band,
To meet Glenlyon's host with friendly hand ;
Then through the mountain portals of Glencoe,
March'd in, in treach'rous guise, a hellish foe. “

'Twas then full oft, the social cup was drain'd,
'Twas then the feast, the dance, the revel reign'd ;
Borne on the breeze, the harper's notes were heard,
Sweetly re-echo'd, by each mountain bird ;
Awhile the maiden sung her softest song,
And mirth and pleasure help'd old Time along ;
Each breast was open'd—vow on vow was made,
Never to meet in hostile ranks array'd ;

Day dawn'd on day, and pass'd unheeded by,
Amid the roar of wild festivity.

So does the snake, when lurking for his prey,
With music tempt the traveller from his way ;
And while with softest notes his ear beguiles,
Ensnares the list'ning victim in his wiles.

Why didst thou slumber, too confiding chief ?
Death hov'ring o'er thee, and thy moments brief ;
Alas ! thou could'st not see the threat'ning blade,
Thou did'st not know a murd'rous plot was laid ;
No hoary seer forewarn'd thee of thy foe,
No scout gave notice of th' impending blow ;
Ah no ! when thou, with hospitable hand,
Didst welcome to thy home, Braidalbin's band ;
When clan with clan in happy mirth were join'd,
Thou didst not dream what treach'ry lurk'd behind.

'Twas night, and hush'd was ev'ry mirthful sound,
In quiet slumber all the glen was bound—
Then rose Glenlyon, and his cursed band,
Prepar'd to execute what hell had plann'd :

Each wary centinel was at his post,
Murder was loosen'd, and Glencoe was lost.

Then rose beneath the dark and frowning sky,
The frightful scream, the loud and piercing cry ;
Then too was heard, resounding through the glen,
The fearful groanings of expiring men ;
The dreaming chieftain by his faithless guest
Was foully butcher'd on his partner's breast ;
The frightened mother rising from her sleep
Awoke,—but o'er her slaughter'd boy to weep :
Then quickly streaming flow'd the reeking flood,
Glencoe's rough warriors welt'ring in their blood.

Yet still, Glencoe, not all thy sons were slain,
'Twas will'd by Heav'n that *some* should life retain ;
For timely waken'd fled a frightened mass,
Like deer pursued thro' ev'ry secret pass ;
The father wrapp'd his infant in his plaid,
The youthful peasant bore his chosen maid,
Rather to see her perish 'mid the snow,
Than leave her *there*, to feel the murderer's blow—

Perish she did, but death had then its charms,
She died contented in her lover's arms ;
The father view'd his child and dear lov'd wife
By cold and chilling blasts bereft of life ;
Yet when they died, their hands in his were prest,
Their latest sighs were breath'd upon his breast,—
Yet few were left the doleful tale to tell,
Of how Glencoe by murd'ring friendship fell.

Swift flew the news o'er ev'ry hill and dale,
And cheeks with horror, turn'd aghast and pale ;
Then many a heart for wild revenge prepar'd,
In Albin then full many a brand was bar'd ;
Full many a glitt'ring dirk was then unsheath'd,
And on its blade full many an oath was breath'd ;^k
While oft to heav'n the coronach would burst,
By ev'ry tongue was cruel Orange curst ;
And loud and oft was rais'd the fervent pray'r,
That Scotland's curse,—the curse of wild despair,
With ev'ry vengeance that can man appal,
Might on Braidalbin and Glenlyon fall.

Years roll'd, Glencoe ! thy wrongs still unredress'd,
Boys had grown men, — their sires had sunk to rest ;
But yet, although new generations' rose,
Was not forgot remembrance of thy woes ;
'Twas vivid still—the deed of proud Nassau,
And Albin long'd the vengeful blade to draw
 Not long, alas ! were Albin's wishes vain,
Soon, soon was heard the pibroch's gath'ring strain ;
And soon, o'er snow-topp'd hill and valley green,
Traversing quick, the fiery cross was seen.
“ Up, Albin ! up ! no longer still remain,
“ Come from the heath-clad hill—come from the plain,
“ Come ev'ry targe and brand, come ev'ry man !
“ Come ev'ry gallant chief, come ev'ry clan !
“ For Scotland's king, long banish'd from his home,
“ In stranger lands, an exile forc'd to roam,
“ Has now return'd, resolved to claim his own,
“ Resolved to die, or win his father's throne ;
“ Up, Albin ! up ! speed onward to the fight,
“ To stand or fall for Scotland's king and right ;

“ Up, Albin! up! speed onward to the foe,
“ Remember Scotland,—Vengeance,—and Glencoe!”

Again was seen the must'ring of the brave,
Again on high the Scottish banners wave;
Both far and near was seen the streaming plaid,
Of mountain bands in Scotland's cause array'd.

Oh! who in history's pages has not read,
How chief and clansman nobly fought and bled;
Who has not read of fight and bloody fray—
Of Albion's triumph on Culloden's day;
Who has not read of bloody William's¹ deeds,
Which plac'd pale Scotland in her mourning weeds;
And who that will the varied wand'rings trace
Of *him*, the last of Royal Stuarts race—
Where is the breast but heaves an inward sigh,
Who reads *his* fate, and Scotland's chivalry.

Come! Fancy, come! I fain the scene would change,
Come! and awhile o'er other fields we'll range;
Pass o'er the gloomy scenes of Scotland's wrong,
Remember'd now but in the tale and song.

Those days are now for ever haply o'er,
For Scot and Southron meet as foes no more ;
Together now they brave the battle's heat,
Together—ev'ry hostile foe defeat.
For evermore in holy friendship join'd,
For evermore in Britain's cause combin'd ;
From sea to sea in hour of need to stand
The kindred guardians of a kindred land.

When Gaul stood forth, with Freedom's flag unfurl'd,
'Neath Freedom's banners to enslave the world ;
And conquering legions spread from zone to zone,
Till ev'ry monarch trembled on his throne ;
When ev'n Britannia heard the threat'ning boast,
And dire alarm appear'd from coast to coast ;
When Scot and Southron, mingling side by side,
Scorn'd the invader, and his threats defied ;
Then ! *then* was glad confess'd by ev'ry mouth,
The blessed union of the north and south.

Oh ! may that union ne'er dissever'd be,
Unbroken be the bond of amity ;

And closer still be drawn the friendly chain,
Which links the Scottish hill to Albion's plain.

Weep ! fancy, weep ! though north and south are one,
Yet think not mis'ry's direful race is run ;
Ah ! no, ev'n now is heard a doleful cry,
Ev'n now a mournful vision meets mine eye ;
Oh ! sick'ning subject for a poet's verse,
To tell of scenes which are Britannia's curse,
To speak of Britain—freest of the free,
Turn'd to a wailing house of misery.

But yet, whene'er I hear my country's groans,
When Britain's bosom heaves with bitter moans ;
When starving thousands loudly help demand,
And see outstretch'd to aid, no helping hand ;
When labour's sons, in smiling Britain born,
Are crush'd by penury, and held in scorn ;
Their only refuge then—why name the place ?
'Tis too well known—this nation's foul disgrace ;
Yet even there denied what nature gave,
What e'en is granted to the sable slave ;

(No ! in that den, sire—child—and wife must part,
Oh ! how dares poverty possess a heart)
From that dread place e'en nature's self is driv'n,
And man condemns what God himself has giv'n ;
Their wretched pillows soak'd each night with grief,
And morn returning brings them no relief ;
Can such things be, and can the bard refuse
The soft condolence of his humble muse ?

No ! bards will rise who ne'er will cease to sing,
Till ev'ry tyrant's rocky heart they wring ;
By whose dread notes, each hard breast shall be scourg'd,
Till mis'ry from the Briton's cot is purg'd.
Go, statesmen ! go ! view each heart-rending scene,
In field, or town, where mis'ry may be seen ;
Go ! ye that loudly boast of Britain's fame,
And blast your visions with your country's shame ;
Go ! ye who in assemblies rant and rave,
To paint the mis'ries of the sun-burnt slave ;
Go to your brother Briton's home, and see
The squalid, starving slav'ry of *the free*.

Go ! and behold a hungry Briton turn,
Compell'd to eat what ev'n the dogs would spurn ;
Behold the mother, weeping droop her head,
While starving infants loudly call for bread ;
Then let your babblings in the senate cease,
And strive your country's wailings to decrease ;
Let not your thoughts on foreign slav'ry roam,
But save your eloquence for slaves at home ;
Plead Britain's cause, by ev'ry action prove
Yourselves deserving of a Briton's love.

But yet my country, I, methinks, can see
Through the dark veil which hides futurity :
Methinks I see within my vision's range,
Throughout the world, a great, and mighty change ;
Scenes bright and dark within my view appear,
Some breasts are filled with joy, and some with fear ;
I see Britannia, like a ship forlorn,
At ruin's brink, by tearing factions torn ;
I see her wealth and poverty array'd,
And in the ballances of justice weigh'd ;

I see her nobles, riches on *their* side,
The angry calls of poverty deride :
I see on one hand, lux'ry puff'd and proud,
And on the other, mis'ry wailing loud.

Still further on, methinks those scenes are turn'd,
Methinks I see each foul oppressor spurn'd ;
I see, glad sight, each hardy peasant's brow,
With cheering fruits of education glow ;
I see fell ignorance and bigotry
Beneath the feet of wisdom trampled lie ;
I see Britannia, newly born, arise,
While superstition mad before her flies ;
No more to be by selfish factions riv'n,
While from her shores, grim wretchedness is driv'n ;
I see her sons no more by ign'rance curst,
But after knowledge ever craving thirst ;
I hear it too by ev'ry tongue confest,
That knowledge is of rulers far the best.

Methinks, though 'tis within the distance dark,
I can the risings of new nations mark ;

I see dry deserts turn'd to fields of bloom,
And learning's lights each barb'rous land illumine.
Methinks I see a sleeping world awake,
And from its shoulders ev'ry trammel shake ;
Methinks I see before my eager eyes
A gladd'ning sight—a glorious age arise ;
I see the time, when bound by unity
Each hand and heart upon the earth shall be ;
The time when galling slavery shall cease ;
And o'er the earth will reign eternal peace,
When pure Religion, taking Freedom's hand,
Will find a welcome home in ev'ry land :
Methinks I see the time, though distant yet,
When sober truth will be by reason met ;
When Learning's banner will be wide unfurl'd,
And wisdom's fav'rite children rule the world ;
When monarchs will as mortal men be held,
And mad ambition to the dust be fell'd ;
When ev'n *this* present race, I see it plain,
To *that* will seem but barbarous and vain ;

When war, and all its glorious desires,
Will be forgotten with their savage sires.

Oh! happy time, when people will be wise,
And cease to meet as wrathful enemies;
When peaceful nations, more enlighten'd grown,
Will all unite, and warfare's folly own;
And when red battle fields, and streams of gore,
Will be but themes of legendary lore.

How can a man upon th' Almighty call,
Or how with bended knees before him fall;
How lift his eyes to heav'n, and tell his pray'rs,
While in his heart for murder he prepares;
How ask his God to aid each hell-born plan,
To help him to destroy his fellow man;
How dare to ask his Maker for success,
Or think that Heav'n destruction's hand would bless;
How dare, whene'er his bloody plots succeed,
Upon "Almighty God" to fix the deed;
Sure such a one must be in heaven's sight,
The very foulest—blackest—hypocrite.

What art thou, War? stand out all naked, bare,
And from thy pompous form thy trappings tear;
Thou direst scourge of earth—ambition's friend,
Thou favorite child of hell—by tyrants kenn'd;
Thou splendid lure—thou glorious gorgeous bait
For human hearts—with all thy damning state;
Thou greatest robber, 'neath the heaven born,
Thou slave of folly, and the sage's scorn;
Thou dread of mothers—wounding with thy name,
Thou mighty made up thing of blood and flame;
Thou smiling hypocrite—bedight in gold,
Thou shameless monster, when thy deeds are told;
Amid Creation's thunders thou shalt fall,
Thou foe to Wisdom—and thou curse of all.

But still (yet how it is I cannot tell)
I feel at times my bosom glowing, swell;
Whene'er I hear that injur'd nations strive
Oppression's hirelings from their homes to drive;
In Freedom's cause, along with Freedom's band,
I feel that I could willing bare the brand.

Whene'er unhappy Poland's tale I read,
With Poland's sons methinks I glad could bleed ;
I feel within my heart such feelings stirr'd,
That I the sword could willing on me gird,
And I could brave the direst storms of war,
To aid her wrongs—her banish'd rights restore.

Rise, Poets ! rise ! your loftiest notes prepare,
Winds ! swift to Poland's ear their echoes bear ;
Raise high within her breast a patriot glow,
And cheer her sons to crush their recreant foe.

Rise, Freedom ! rise and sound thy 'larum bell,
Ring o'er Sarmatia Slavery's funeral knell ;
Rise, Freedom ! rise ! nerve each Sarmatian hand,
And breathe thy fire on each Sarmatian brand.

Unhappy land ! although thy warriors stoop,
Though 'neath a tyrant's rod thy daughters droop ;
Although the sword each tyrant o'er thee waves ;
Although thou art ev'n now the slave of slaves ;
And though thy children through the world are toss'd,
Yet sink not to despair, thou art not lost !

No, Poland ! no ! though justice o'er thee weeps,
Remember still that Freedom never sleeps !
Although awhile her cheering voice is hush'd,
Remember still that Freedom ne'er is crush'd,
Although awhile her sun in gloom has set,
He will return, and all be brightness yet ;
He yet will rise, and with his glorious light
Will turn to beauteous day thy blacken'd night.

Sink not, Sarmatia ! soon the time shall come,
When thou shalt hear the stirring battle hum ;
Sink not, Sarmatia, for the day is near,
When thou proud Freedom's call "to arms" shalt hear.

Awake ! and from her throne oppression tear—
Arise ! resolv'd each tyrant's power to dare :
Awake ! and raise to heav'n one thrilling cry
Arise, as men ! as men to live or die.

Again thy sons from ev'ry clime shall meet,
Again with hope Sarmatian hearts shall beat ;
Another Sobieski yet may rise
To blast with fear Sarmatia's enemies ;

Each patriot son shall draw his hoarded blade,
And vow to triumph, or in death be laid;
Each mother shall, elate with gladd'ning joy,
Arm for the fight her own, her darling boy;
Each maiden for the country of her birth,
Shall part with *him*, the dearest on the earth.
For Poland's cause! each venerable sire
Shall grasp his weapon with a youthful fire;
For Poland's cause, both hoary head and young
Shall mingle Freedom's ardent ranks among;
All shall be ready—Freedom's fight begun,
And then, Sarmatia, justice must be done;
All, all shall be prepared, all willing be
To stand or fall, and Poland must be free.

Yet when, Sarmatia, Triumph smiles at last,
Oh! do not then forget the bitter past;
Think of the cause which help'd to lay thee low,
Think of the cause which help'd each tyrant's blow;
Think that to thee alone it then belongs,
To turn and banish thy domestic wrongs;

And oh! let not this poor advice be spurn'd,
Have for thy guide the lesson thou hast learn'd.

Sarmatia, take the blessing of a bard,
May nothing thy auspicious hour retard;
For thee I yet will pen my humble song,
To aid thy cause, and tell thy mighty wrong;
For thee I'll cease this arm mine own to call;
'Tis thine! with thee to triumph, or to fall;
'Tis thine! till Freedom in thy fields shall dwell;
Enough! awhile, Sarmatia, fare thee well!

Why dost thou droop, my Fancy, tell me why,
Is ev'ry fountain that can charm thee dry?
Say! say, my dearest, wherefore dost thou tire?
Is there no theme which can awake thy fire?
Dost thou regret thou'st come to dwell with me,
Because I'm curst with bitter poverty?
In other climes, say dost thou wish to roam,
Say! dost thou wish to leave thy island home?

Cheer up! my fancy! cheer thee up awhile,
Again renew thy brightest, sweetest smile;

Though now the slave of want, unknown, obscure,
Hope aids me all those cursings to endure ;
Hope whispers comfort 'mid the prospect drear,
And bids me think that brighter hours are near.

I scorn thee for thy self, all potent wealth ;
I ne'er would court thee, with sweet life, or health :
I've no ambition as life ebbs away,
To feast my eyes on heaps of golden clay ;
No ! let me rather in life's springtide feel
And know those joys which gloomiest hearts can heal,
Which I have often felt, when met to spend
My latest farthing with my bosom friend.
Yet rich, dear Fancy, I could wish to be,
But for the pleasure it would bring to thee.

Then Fancy, were I but possess'd of wealth,
And this poor frame renew'd with kindly health ;
Oh ! how we'd roam together, light and free,
How joyous then would all thy gambols be !
Thee for my guide, upon thy fairy wing,
We'd view each land—hear ev'ry ocean sing ;

We'd view the monsters of the northern deep,
And from bright fields of ice new pleasure reap ;
The land of Washington anon we see,
Then join the Indian hunter's revelry ;
Awe-struck we'd stand 'mid Niagara's roar,
And bow our heads th' Almighty's pow'r before.

Among the vallies of the south we'd rove,
And snuff the breeze from each luxuriant grove,
Then mount some hill-top, rear'd amid some cloud,
And 'neath us hear the thunder rolling loud.

Then would we speed us to the distant east,
Where Nature spreads her wildest, gayest feast ;
There dip ourselves in Ganges' holy stream,
Or 'neath some orange tree awake we'd dream ;
Far 'mid some trackless desert wild we'd roam,
And view the lion's realm, the tiger's home ;
We'd view the Arab on his fairy steed,
Or 'neath his tent enjoy the kingly weed ;
The land of paradise, where Adam dwelt
When innocent before his God he knelt ;

The palmy land where Royal David sung,
And where his ever-freshen'd harp was strung ;
The fallen city, Israel's comfort yet,
Whose sons still hope to meet as once they met ;
Before whose walls, amid the battle's swell,
Full many a bold Crusader fought and fell ;
There would we wander, thou should'st see them all ;
And wrapp'd in thought each by-gone scene recall.

Then, Fancy ! then to other scenes we'd haste,
In Afric wilds—lone solitude we'd taste ;
We'd view the fearful Siroc's deadly blast
Sweep fell destruction o'er the desert vast :
Land of the mighty Pharoahs—there we'd rove,
And view the scenes of Cleopatra's love ;
There too we'd wander in our joyous mood,
And view the spot where far-famed Carthage stood.

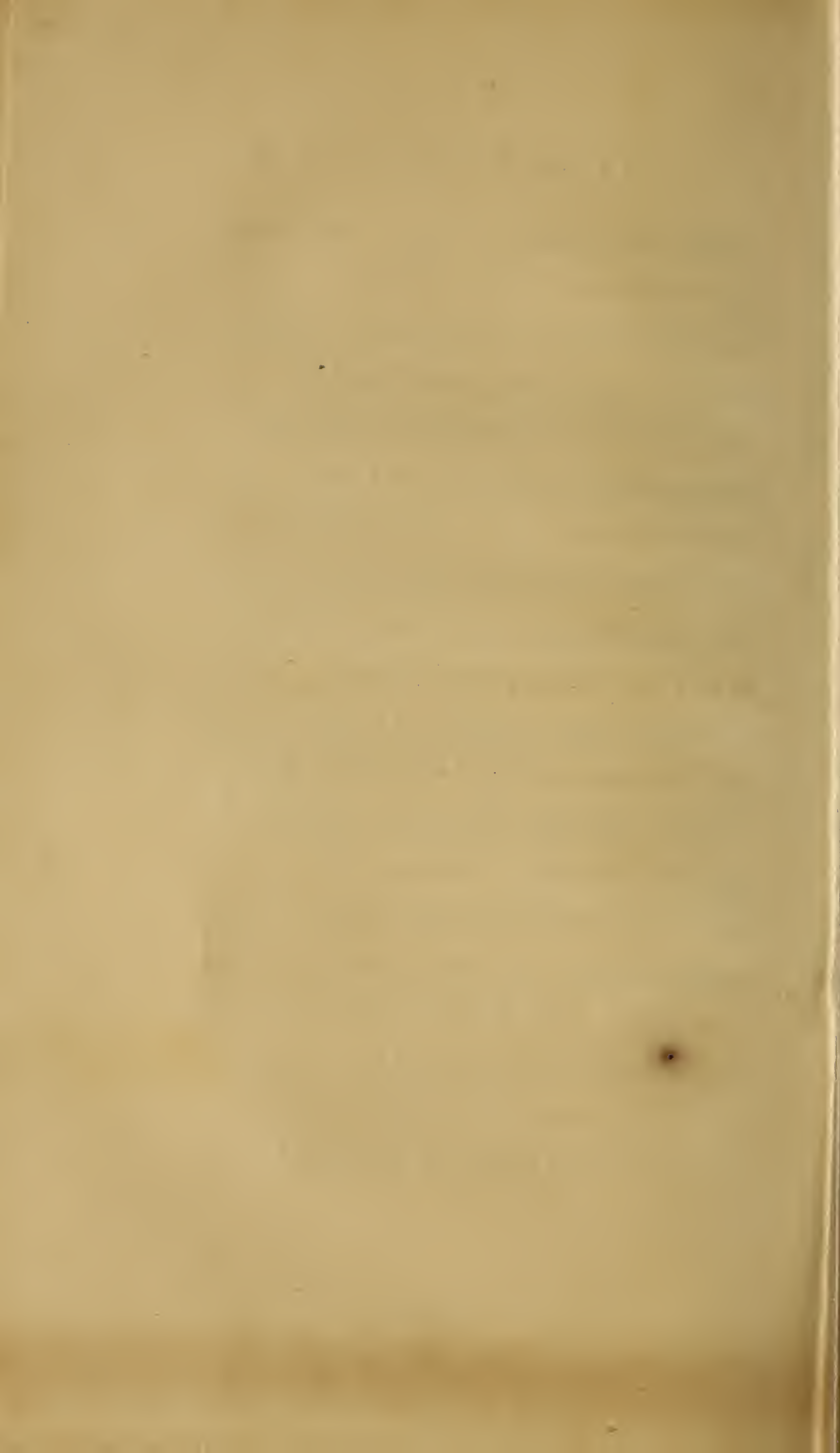
Then to our native West we'd speed again,
And lightly trip o'er ev'ry hill or plain ;
We'd see each ancient pillar, tow'r, and dome,
That rears its time-worn head in mighty Rome ;

With smiles of pleasure should our lips be curl'd,
In sweet Italia, "garden of the world;"
Or 'neath some fragrant olive's spreading shade,
We'd dally with some Andalusian maid;
Or gaily trip it in some moonlight dance,
Where oft some Moorish chief has rais'd his lance;
Then we'd away, awhile to ruminate
Upon that grave which seal'd Napoleon's fate;
The hills of Tyrol, Freedom's rugged womb,
Then drop a tear on martyr'd Hofer's tomb;
Far in the snowy north we'd stay awhile,
And there behold hoar Winter's freezing smile;
Each secret haunt of Nature we'd explore,
We'd hear each wild volcano's fiery roar;
High in the air where mortals dare to rise,
There would we roam among the unbounded skies;
We'd view each wonder of this wond'rous earth,
All that was formed by God at Nature's birth;
Then to our lovely, sea-girt island home,
We would return—no more again to roam.

'Thanks, Fancy! thanks! come now and take thy rest,
Enjoy thy soft repose within my breast;
Sleep now, and cease awhile each pleasant strain;
But when I call thee,—wake refresh'd again!

Oh, Fancy! be my constant guide and friend,
As through life's mazy paths my way I wend;
When in despondence, cheer my drooping heart,
And soothing comfort to my soul impart;
Thro' life be with me, and when stretch'd in death,
Do thou inspire my latest dying breath—
And when at length my mortal race is run,
Then write upon my grave, "Here lies my son!"

My pipe is out, and weary are mine eyes,
Far in the east the tints of morning rise;
Behind the clouds the sun begins to peep,
I fain would now retire to rest—to sleep;
Come, Fancy! come! the cock begins to crow,
Together we'll to peaceful slumber go,
I to my pallet—*thou* within my breast,
Farewell, farewell! awhile rest, Fancy, rest!



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



A VISION OF SUICIDE.

ON half the world 'twas broad day-light,
O'er this of ours 'twas dead of night ;
'Twas glorious summer, and the breeze
Kiss'd ev'ry leaf upon the trees ;
Each bird within its happy nest
Had ceas'd its song, and was at rest.
On such a night, when all was still'd,
And cooling balm the air had fill'd,
I wander'd forth with breast full fraught
With praise to heav'n, and holy thought.
I sat me down above a stream,
That sparkled in the white moon-beam ;
That stream through ev'ry land renown'd,
Where all Earth's choicest gifts are found.

'Twas silent then—the hum of day
To other worlds had fled away.
'Twas sweet to contemplate that scene
So calm, so noiseless, so serene ;
'Twas sweet to see upon that tide,
A fleet of spangled billows ride,
Wending their liquid way along
All undisturb'd, a brilliant throng.
The smoke of day, industry's breath,
Was swept away, and all seem'd death ;
And all around, the crushing—crush'd,
The rich and poor, in sleep were hush'd ;
And all were watch'd with mighty love
By untir'd eyes, in Heav'n above.
How long I sat and gaz'd—awake,
I know not, nor one thought did take ;
'Twas till my eyelids heavy grew,
Then 'neath that sky I slumber'd too.

I had a vision while I slept—
Methought a lonely watch I kept

In that same place where I was dreaming,
Beneath Heaven's lamp upon me gleaming.
I lean'd upon the balustrade,
My eyes the silent world survey'd,
And (as my custom is at times,
When midnight sounds its deepen'd chimes)
I had but just myself resign'd
To contemplations on mankind,
On vices which this earth deface,
The few, few virtues of our race ;
When lo ! my wonder stricken eyes
Beheld from out that stream arise
A form emerging into air,
With sable robes, and streaming hair,
A heav'nly, yes, an angel's face,
Albeit her eyes bore sorrow's trace ;
Yet altogether such a creature,
So faultless, graceful ev'ry feature ;
Her ev'ry motion plainly told,
She was not fram'd from mortal mould ;

That earth ne'er boasted such a daughter,
As that bright spirit on the water.
She sung ; the theme—I caught it not,
The strains remember'd, ne'er forgot,
For sure such sounds, so soft and mellow,
As mingled with each gurgling billow,
Not oft are heard by human ears—
Flow'd fast and plenteously her tears,
Sad sorrow's essence, unrepress'd,
Falling like stars upon her breast.
I scarce could bear that harrowing sight,
My eyes grew dim with pity's blight,
A sick'ning moisture damp'd my brow,
I gaz'd again—where is she now ?
She is not on that water wide :
I turn'd me—she was by my side.
My heart beat quick, I gaz'd with awe,
As I that ghost beside me saw ;
And felt my reason all entranc'd,
As her soft eyes upon me glanc'd.

At length the silent spell I broke,
And thus in tender accents spoke :
“ Beauteous spirit ! from the wave
“ New ris’n, I bow, and am thy slave.
“ Sweet myst’ry ! with intent sincere,
“ I ask, what art thou ?—why thou’rt here ?
“ The world is hush’d in deathlike sleep,
“ Why com’st thou at such time to weep ?
“ Oh ! let a mortal dare implore
“ What makes thy heart seem sad and sore ;
“ Breathe thou thy story in mine ears,
“ And mingled shall be both our tears.”
“ Mortal ! ” the mystery replied,
“ I am the Spirit of Suicide.
“ From out those waters dark or bright,
“ I come on earth at dead of night ;
“ My task—to weep and pray for those,
“ Who seek in death to end their woes—
“ For those who prematurely give
“ God back his own, and will not live—

“ For broken hearts—for guilt—despair,
“ I give alike a tear or prayer ;
“ But if fell horror thou would’st see,
“ Beneath the wave come now with me ;
“ Unharm’d thou through the waves shalt roam,
“ Come, mortal ! to my dreary home.”
She grasp’d my hand, and by her side
We plung’d into the yielding tide.
Away ! amid the waters dashing
We flew, with speed of lightning flashing ;
Like sand upon the whirlwind’s blast,
We urg’d us on impetuous, fast.
At length we stopp’d—I saw a cave,
Its gate was one still glassy wave ;
At our approach it op’d in twain,
We enter’d, and it clos’d again.
The place was lit by wat’ry tapers,
Around them wreathing ghastly vapours ;
I saw tears fall, and heard low sighs
From unseen lips, and unseen eyes ;

And as around the horror thicken'd,
My heart grew faint, my soul grew sicken'd.
Before me stretch'd from side to side
Of that abode, a curtain wide ;
Black—black—it seem'd of hell's own smoke.
Again my guide, the spectre, spoke :
(She grasp'd me firmer by the hand)
“ Up raise thee ! ” was her dread command—
Upward that dusky veil was roll'd.
“ Now mortal, see ! behold ! behold ! ”
’Twas on a bridge, the snow fell fast,
And cold, cold blew the wintry blast ;
One solitary form was there,
A lovely child of fell despair.
I gaz'd in wonderment, and thought
What was her purpose, what she sought,
As all unbonnetted she stood,
Gazing upon that fearful flood.
She seem'd to heed nor snow nor wind,
But fearful glanc'd before, behind :

So young, so tender, yet so bold,
As thus to brave the biting cold ;
As thus so lone to linger there ;
Can mis'ry dwell in aught so fair ?
Her tears fell quick, her sighs were oft,
And then she spoke in voice so soft,
That oh ! my heart in twain seem'd riv'n,
As thus that sad one talk'd to Heav'n :
“ Father ! I 'm standing o'er my grave,
“ That foaming, darksome, dismal wave ;
“ Yet ere I speed to heav'n or hell
“ For him I lov'd, still love, too well,
“ Oh hear this pray'r, life's parting token,
“ Ne'er may *his* heart like mine be broken.
“ My sap of life is dried and gone,
“ Then why thus longer linger on,
“ Of ev'ry charm of life bereav'd,
“ Disgrac'd, dishonor'd, and deceiv'd.
“ And oh ! before my woe worn eyes,
“ What scenes of infamy arise ;

“ And must I live such scenes to share ?

“ The world’s insulting scorn to bear ?

“ No ! no ! I’m mad ! O God, my brain !

“ Oh ! for my childhood’s home again !

“ I see it now ! the sun shines fair

“ On that dear cot, and I am there ;

“ The ripe corn waves, the flow’rs are gay,

“ The sheep and lambs are out at play ;

“ The chirpings of the warbling throng

“ Are mingled with my mother’s song.

“ My mother ! gentle, loving, meek ;

“ I feel her kisses on my cheek,

“ My heart is light—Gone ! all in vain !

“ Illusion ! dark ! O God, my brain !

“ Dread heav’n have mercy ! ”—hark ! that scream !

That flitting through the lamp’s sick beam !

I saw her in the waters dash,

The waves against the arches splash :

She rises !—help !—she’s gone again !

Silence once more resumes his reign ;

A few wide circles sped to shore,
The curtain fell ; *that* scene was o'er.
“ Thou see'st ” my spectral hostess cried,
“ How earth-scorn'd prostitution died.”
Again the curtain up they draw,
What's here ? upon a heap of straw
A human form extended lay,
Dead, stiff, a lump of clammy clay.
The place was dark, no glimm'ring light
Illum'd the blackness of the night,
Though dark, by *me* so plain 'twas seen,
As though the sun had lit the scene.
The walls were damp and bare, *so* bare,
They told that penury's home was there.
The corpse (a woman's) on that heap
Lay, as if stretch'd in placid sleep ;
She had no shroud, but tatter'd, torn,
She wore the rags which life had worn.
I still saw beauty on her brow,
And youth, albeit so haggard now ;

And oh ! so ghastly and so thin,
A human shape of bones and skin.
A man as skinny—*still* of life,
Was seated by that corse, his wife ;
No tear fell from his hollow eye,
No tear *could* flow, his heart was dry.
Yet often o'er that corse he bent,
And kiss'd those lips where life was spent,
Sepulchral speaking as he leant ;
“ Dead, Annie ! dead ! no breathing left,
“ And am I thus of all bereft ;
“ If pity's hand was clos'd to thee,
“ Then what, great God ! remains for me ;
“ I feel keen hunger gnawing now,
“ And maddening frenzy rives my brow ;
“ Once more upon thy pale cold cheek,
“ I breathe a kiss, now empty—weak ;
“ Upon thy lips I breathe this sigh,
“ The last—and now with thee to die !”

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Behind that dismal chamber-door
Dangled a rope—I saw no more ;
For as that lank, thin form stood there,
With lips upturn'd to heav'n in pray'r :
The curtain hid that scene of gloom,
There were two corpses in that room.
“ Oh God,” I cried, with half chok'd breath—
“ Save me from want, and such a death.”

The scene was chang'd—a blaze of light,
Half blinded my bewilder'd sight ;
A hall bedight in luxury splendid,
Where ease and comfort both seem'd blended ;
All that could charm the eye or sense,
Of glitt'ring, gay magnificence.
And on that richly cover'd ground,
Half open'd chests were scatter'd round ;
In which, a mass, in wild profusion,
Of papers—crumpled, in confusion :
And on a couch of richness rare,
I saw a form reclining there ;

He still seem'd handsome, noble, young—
But oh, his heart seem'd broken, wrung ;
Beside his couch a pistol lay,
To which his hand would often stray ;
And as stretch'd there, and half undress'd,
With one hand on his damp brow press'd ;
His heaving breast, his groans and sighs,
The wild stare from his flashing eyes ;
His frame, so oft convulsive shiv'ring,
His lips now pale—now red—so quiv'ring ;
So oft upon his couch he turn'd,
As if hell's fire within him burn'd ;
He beat his head, and tore his hair,
And clench'd his hand, in strong despair ;
And such a piteous wretch he seem'd,
On whom no ray of comfort beam'd :
I shook with terror as I guess'd,
What frantic torture fill'd his breast.

He rose with madness on his face,
Strode up and down with desp'rate pace ;

With folded arms, and oft heav'd sigh,
Betok'ning frenzied agony.
And then he rav'd, as madmen rave—
He laugh'd—sung—talk'd of hell—the grave ;
And then by some new impulse goaded,
He grasp'd the weapon, saw 'twas loaded ;
And then a flush (of hell's creation)
Pass'd o'er his face, of exultation ;
'Twas but a moment—as before,
More wildly did he pace that floor :
“ So, so ! ” he cried “ 'tis come at last !
“ Well, be it so ! life's dream is past ;
“ And is nought left to call my own,
“ And I—a beggar'd outcast grown ;
“ So ! I must hear vile mock'ry's sorrow,
“ When rumour tells the tale to-morrow ;
“ And hear the laughter—scornful—wild—
“ Of those who fawn'd when fortune smil'd,
“ And hear them taunt, and sneer, and hiss ;
“ No, no ! 'tis hell—I've this ! I've this !

(He grasp'd his weapon firmer, tighter ;
His eyes flash'd fiercer, madder, brighter ;
With face upturn'd to heav'n he gaz'd,
And twice that fearful weapon rais'd :)
“ Oh God ! I feel on fire—in hell ;
“ A beggar ! beggar—ho, 'tis well !
“ They'll say I've lost wealth—honor—all—
“ A lie ! I've this to crown my fall ;
“ I've this ! soul, body, both to sunder :
“ Oh hell ! ” I heard a noise like thunder !
The pistol's fatal work was done,
I heard him fall—*his* race was run—
For as that wreathing smoke ascended,
I saw 'twas over—life was ended :
I felt my face with blood bespatter'd,
And saw hot brains around lie scatter'd ;
And there *he* lay upon the floor,
A mangled heap, all soak'd in gore.
The curtain fell : *that* scene was o'er.

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And thus, with nothing left to spend,
This was a youthful gambler's end.

Again that dark veil upward roll'd,
A sadder vision to unfold :
Nought here appear'd to cheer the eye ;
No pomp, nor gilded luxury.
A long-wick'd flick'ring taper gleam'd
On walls that with chill bareness teem'd.
Upon a table stood the taper,
And sundry scraps of blotted paper,
On which were half writ, essay, sonnet,
Lay also all confus'd upon it.
A broken glass of liquor bright,
A broken cup sustain'd upright,
A youth pale, thin, emaciated,
Beside that dim, dim light was seated ;
His head was resting on his hand,
His brow was high, capacious, grand ;
Though worn, the outlines of his face
Were fraught with such a noble grace,

As would a painter's passion move ;

'Twas such a face as maidens love.

Oft o'er his brow his hand would pass,

Yet still his eyes were on that glass :

Anon his face contemptuous gleam'd,

Then 'twas as calm as if he dream'd.

Alas ! deep thought cank'ring, corroding

His grief-swell'd heart to death, was goading ;

For as he sat, in sorrow pond'ring,

His fingers to that glass kept wand'ring ;

Anon drew back with start repulsive,

Then clutch'd it with a grasp convulsive ;

Then, with a voice of agony,

He breath'd this last soliloquy—

“ Oh life ! thou thing mysterious, strange !

“ Beyond thought's deepest, widest range ;

“ Thou thankless gift ! thou curse of heav'n !

“ How 'gainst thy torments have I striv'n !

“ Thou dread compound of wit and folly,

“ Of fitful mirth and melancholy ;

“ Thou fawning slave to ign’rant eyes,
“ Thou grinding tyrant to the wise ;
“ And thou, base world ! too long I’ve borne
“ Thy insults and thy grov’ling scorn,
“ Thou double-dealing hypocrite ;
“ Who first will fondle, then will smite ;
“ Thou, who hast shower’d upon my head,
“ Applause’s breath, but not its bread ;
“ Thou’st prais’d *me*, world, in pompous cant,
“ Then left me *now* to pine in want ;
“ Thou’st coupled me with deathless fame,
“ And in the same breath, scorn’d my name ;
“ Thou’st said my soul with heav’n’s fire burn’d,
“ And that same soul hast crush’d and spurn’d.
“ Thou’st caus’d this death-damp on my brow,
“ I hate—no—I forgive thee now.
“ Father ! I raise my pray’r to thee,
“ Soon at thy feet my soul will be ;
“ Oh, on that soul let mercy shine,
“ When I this weary life resign.

“ They wrong thee, Father, they who tell
“ Of tortures terrible in hell ;
“ ’Tis not hearts sorrow’d, crush’d and wrung,
“ Thou wreak’st thy vengeance dire among ;
“ Oh ! take such spirits ’neath thy wings,
“ Oh, thou from whom all pity springs,
“ Thou’st taught us, Father, to forgive,
“ *Forgive me*, if I dare not live.
“ Come ! thou cup of care’s relief,
“ Come ! thou friend of woe and grief ;
“ Right quickly spread thee through my veins,
“ Till not one spark of life remains.
“ Come ! thou cup of sparkling death,
“ Fire my brain, and stop my breath.
“ ’Tis done ! ’tis done ! I live no more !
“ Death’s dew streams out at ev’ry pore ;
“ My soul feels light, my heart is glad,
“ Oh World ! World ! World ! thou’st driv’n me mad !
“ Great God ! receive this parting sigh ;
“ Good night, I faint ! I sink ! I die !”

He fell from off his seat—a clod ;
His soul had rush'd to meet its God.
“ There,” said my guide, with half-chok'd breath,
“ Weep at *this* sight, a Poet's death.”
Once more they were that curtain raising,
But tears on tears my eyes were glazing ;
The spirit pointed—'twas in vain,
I could not, dared not gaze again ;
So fever'd was my moisten'd cheek,
I tried, but oh, I could not speak ;
I felt all utt'rance then denied me.
Then spoke the spirit (still beside me)
“ Mortal ! thy heart seem'st sick and sore,
“ Enough ! thou shalt behold no more :
“ For souls like these, freed from their clay,
“ I pray by night, or weep by day ;
“ But come—on earth breathe thou once more,
“ The spell is broke, thy vision o'er.”
The deep clock sounded, as she spoke,
Its loneliest hour—and I awoke.

The moon was down, the night was done,
The heav'n was blazing with the sun ;
Man had arose, no longer dead,
And silence from his throne had fled ;
The bargeman plied him at his oar,
His song resounded to the shore ;
I heard the hum of labour round me,
I saw the mists of morn surround me ;
I rose and hasten'd from the spot,
But that sad dream I ne'er forgot.

SICK-BED THOUGHTS.

I'M all alone ! and darkness reigns around
My wretched restless couch—I cannot sleep—
Pain, all triumphant, gnaws my feeble frame,
And holds her torturing revels—tearing thought—
Thought, like a nightmare, weighs upon my brain,
Oppressive, crushing—I am all alone !
A miserable speck upon the earth,
Alone ! in solitude mid living millions—
Alone ! (a word more fearful than grief's pen e'er trac'd),
With not one kindly hand, nor gentle voice,
To hover near amid my writhings keen,
And tend my frame, or lull my tortur'd soul—

With not one breast, amid earth's bustling crowds,
On which to lay my head, and bare my heart,
Or breathe sad sorrow's confidence. ' Alone !
Years have pass'd now, else there was once a time,
When I'd have laugh'd with boist'rous laugh—in scorn—
Had I been told, *that* word would ever pain :
But now—in dreary, silent, loneliness,
Stretch'd on a fever'd bed—still young—I weep !
Yes ! weep such tears—red from the bursting heart,
And scalding from the brain—as makes awhile
Ev'n sorrow start back shudd'ring ! All alone !
Yet, oh ! life poisoning mock'ry ! thoughts arise,
Cherish'd yet unwish'd for—yet still they rise,
With'ring my heart with tenderness and grief ;
Blasting with recollection dire, yet keen,
My present soul-wrung self. Not many years
Have pass'd their wint'ry summers o'er my head,
Since there dwelt *one* on earth—on earth no more—
One whom I love to image in my mind,
Albeit for ever gone—lost, lost to me !

She who was grafted in my very self ;
Our thoughts, hearts, actions, all combin'd in one—
She whom to see and hear was heav'nly bliss :
She whom I hop'd would share my future years ;
She whom, I knew, should low'ring clouds arise
To darken life with poverty or gloom,
Would be my friend, my comfort and my guide—
Would gently lay her head upon my breast,
And win me back to peace, with seraph's love.
Enough ! she wither'd one sweet summer's eve,
And left me all alone, to mourn and pine—

None knew our love—why should they know ? ourselves
Liv'd in and for ourselves—and ev'ry thought
Seem'd as if springing from one parent source
Congenial—happy. Now, I'm left alone —
None knew our love—perchance none car'd to know,
And none e'er guess'd the silent secret cause
Which turn'd my cheek from ruddy rosy health
To sudden blight—to with'ring hollow waste—
No ! years have fled—my cheeks are wasted still.

Alas ! what remedies does man invent,
When grief has burnt his heart, to find repose ;
Not that repose which tired Nature seeks
From daylight labour—to awake refresh'd,
To smile again—but that repose
Which, though but momentary, yields relief,
In scenes which lull those grinding, gnawing thoughts
Which wring the heart—scenes though with horror mix'd,
And death, still stifle memory awhile,
In scenes which men call *life*, and court with life,
And lose health, life sole sweet'ner as they court,
Which I have courted too, with motive diff'rent :
Mine was to ease thought's pangs—how vain the task !
I've drank with lords, and hob-a-nob'd with sweeps—
The midnight orgy, and the revel's roar—
The mad debauch - the fortune fawning dice—
The lewd, lewd smile of lustful courtezans,
Fallen beauty's hypocritic love—
The death-fraught bowl—rank, poisoning with its fumes ;
Low ribaldry, coarse jests, from lips of knaves and fools,

And reason grown insane—and oftimes dead,
And prostituted wit. In scenes like these
I've mingled, acted, felt : till habit's self,
Its fix'd infirmity, has clutched me in its grasp ;
Mingled so long and oft, their pow'r is gone—
The medicine which I sought as others have,
That once could soothe my weari'd heart awhile,
Is unavailing now—all chang'd to hate ;
Before, I simply griev'd, 'tis diff'rent now—
I feel at times grim madness with it join'd.
Feel both so keenly tearing, rankling, deep,
That I wish nought, but sweet relief in death.

Ev'n now, Death, I invoke thee—I have read
'Mong childhood's stories, of *one* weary grown,
Bow'd down and toiling 'neath the scorching sun,
Who call'd on Death to help him with his load ;
Yet when Death came, shrunk trembling from his sight.
Oh ! 'tis not thus with me—I could resign,
Right cheerfully, life's load of care and joy ;
And all my latest, my expiring breath,

Should be expended in one grateful stream,
Of blissful thankfulness and greedy joy ;
Could I but rush with over willing arms
To Death's embrace—but no ! it is deny'd—
Great God of heav'n ! assist me still to live—
Great God ! have mercy, if I've tempted thee—
Dread thoughts of thee is all that keeps me here,
Else I had long been in the grave—at rest.
At rest ! dread mystery ! *man* may think at rest—
Rest for the body—but the soul, the soul !
I have, when heart-rent, mix'd the poison'd glass,
And dash'd it back affrighted from my lips.
I've stood upon the darken'd river's brink,
Prepar'd to plunge, and madly tempted death ;
Then started, like a foeman hot pursued,
And gain'd my pallet, and heav'n's pardon sought—
'Twas not the love of life or dread of death—
That made me turn and shrink heart-smitten back.
'Twas something touch'd on something in my breast—
Some magic, mystic whisp'ring in my ear,

Of souls when parted from their clay's last breath,
Encount'ring something never yet describ'd,
Or known, or felt, beyond conjecture's art,
Some gloomy chaos, hidden by the dark,
And tortuous paths, beset by none knows what,
Beyond the most profound of human thoughts,
Things not ev'n dreamed of—glimps'd at but by those,
Who like myself have dar'd to catch a glimpse,
(While standing on dire immolation's brink,)
And start back shudd'ring.—'Twas not fear of life,
Heav'n knows how willingly I could have died ;
Let Death appear,—it is as welcome now ;
Yet will I tempt it not again—but when
It comes, it shall come from my Maker.—Yes !
God's own sweet mission, God's own mighty will.

Oh Life ! thou myst'ry, contradiction's chain ;
Oft when we smile, we're sad--oft weep with joy :
Oft do that which we mean not—and we mean
That which we leave undone—yet do such things
That outward acts of charity and love

Oft come from stony hearts ; while Pity's self
And pure Benevolence (behind a cloud)
Are pass'd unheeded. Oft men credit get
For piety that is but seeming—men
Who cheat *six* days, and one—poor *one*—they rest
In human eyes, (unwilling some ev'n that,)
Then pray and are devout—and wake next morn
To plod and cheat again. Alas ! frail man !
He knows not what he is, nor what he seeks ;
Did he but know, oh ! how he'd scorn himself ;
And write himself a knave—a hypocrite—
Yet do I not believe, that 'tis innate
In human nature, that detested art,
Which makes some have such world-prais'd kindly hearts,
With lips that offer up foul pray'rs to heav'n,
By heav'n unheard, despis'd. No ! I believe
'Tis that absorbing love of mighty dross,
Which often changes hearts, born pure at first,
Till pro creation's blood becomes so mix'd—alloy'd—
With pandering for Wealth, and Folly's pride,

That it becomes a sort of bastard born
Of baffled Nature. I'm no Pharisee,
To think myself unlike my fellow man,
To thank my God for what I've done, or am,
What I *have* done, in Pity's humble way,
It matters not—yet this I'm free to own,
That when I pray, I pray with heart sincere ;
Alone ! unmingled with pollution's breath ;
Yes ! all alone, in the still midnight hour,
When all are sleeping, do I love to raise
My inmost thoughts to Heav'n—by Earth unseen.
Night—darkness—solitude—is not the time
For vile hypocrisy. No ! 'tis the time
When I, all undisturb'd, upon my bed,
Can thank for what is past—crave future bread,
And woo Heav'n pity for my many sins :
And for Earth's erring children intercede,
And with these words, do ever close my eyes,
“ God ! if thy will, restore me back sweet health ; ”
Health, fair inconstant—thou art not to blame,

If human passions, restless, uncontroll'd,
Spurn all thy lessons, trample on thyself,
And make thee what thou would'st not be to man,
A stranger—ne'er, when lost, to be won back.
I knew thee once, though now to me thou'rt dead;
'Tis long ago since thou and I did part;
What recollections rise when I recall
The days when thou wert fresh upon my cheek;
The days when I, a ruddy blooming boy,
Was light of heart with my compeers at school.
Blest home! where all were happy in its walls;
Beyond its bound'ries care might roam at large,
Wounding or crushing all it lighted on,
But o'er our Rubicon it dar'd not pass.

Not many days I pass'd me by,
A stranger—where I once an inmate was;
The good, kind pastor, he whose father hand
Tended in sickness, and chastis'd me oft
For youthful folly, was no longer there;
His home far distant now. I could not pass

Without again revisiting those scenes
Of infant innocence. How chang'd was all,
Except the place itself. And even that
Was not as it had been—still, still 'twas dear.
There was not one among the buoyant throng
Which sported round me, that I studied with ;
And if my name liv'd in their thoughts, 'twas mix'd
But with some ancient legend, handed down
From boy to boy—of former school-day feats.
What strange, sad, sweet emotions fill'd my heart,
As o'er that pile, my young guide led the way :
The bed whereon I used to lie,—my desk—
The books I oft perus'd—the blazing fire
Within the play-room spacious,—and I heard
With thrilling rapture those exciting sounds
Which never change—wild, wild with boyish glee,
In “ prison base” or “ cricket,”—youth-lov'd sports ;
Albeit no sports of mine—no, in some nook,
One dear remember'd corner in that home ;
There would I haste when daily tasks were done,

And all alone pore o'er some fav'rite page ;
For even then I felt Ambition's sting,
And wasted play's sweet hours in courting Fame.
Fame ! what thou art I care not—what thou seem'st
I know full well—for since my earliest thought
I've been thy votary ; thou mystic prize,
Oh ! I have courted thee since reason dawn'd
Upon my mind—and I am still thy slave.
I've thought, tho' time has temper'd thought, that thou
Did'st hold up such an unseen, undim'd crown,
For those that woo and win thee, that mankind
Would bow before thy fav'rites. And I've thought
That after death the soul would still remain
On Earth, wand'ring as long as pleas'd itself,
Enjoying praises heap'd upon itself.
Then high in Heav'n would hold distinguish'd place.
What life I've wasted for this doubtful doubt,
What have I brav'd to reach this doubtful goal,
Perchance in vain--and what have I become ?
A solitary, miserable wreck.

Man is not what he seems — would that he were,
Then I would be among the happy—happiest.
Oh ! who would think—when round the reeking bowl,
Or 'mid the fire-side throng, I take my place,
When mirth and pleasure hold their joyful reign,
When my laugh rings the loudest, and my jest
Is waited for by over-anxious ears,
Till Envy wishes but a heart like mine ;
Oh ! who would ever think—that *that* same heart
Should ever writhe in bitter solitude—
Enough ! these thoughts, albeit confus'd and few,
All unconnected—wild—are still *my* own,
Sacred to whisp'ring mem'ry, and myself,
Wrung by a sick bed's torturing, rankling pain,
From o'er fraught sorrow. If there any be
Who will at my presumption hiss and sneer,
Let them sneer on. What I have thought I've writ ;
May they ne'er feel what I have felt and feel.
Yet some there are (Heav'n send them blest relief)
Whose hearts, like mine, are wounded. They will read,

And find relief in sympathy. Yes, feel
Their sorrows lighter. For there's nought on earth
Like kindred feeling, 'mong grief's brotherhood,
To deaden grief—whose medicine is grief.
No more—my bursting brain is wearied, worn—
Sleep! wrap thy mantle round me! Earth! good night!

ODE ON EASTER MORN.

There is a place,
A lovely spot, in Royalty's domains,
Where nature clad in simple beauty reigns ;
Enliv'ning all around with smiling face ;
Where one may sit, as I am sitting now,
And feel th' untainted breeze upon his brow,
And from the scene such joy, such gladness borrow,
As makes the heart feel light, unting'd with sorrow.

The student there,
Fire in his eye, consumption in his breath,
Cons early o'er his task, nor thinks of death.
Fair maidens, too, their infant charges bear
To that sweet spot, to guard them in their sport,
(Wealth's progeny, sent thither life to court),
And sicken'd hearts, with care and anguish breaking,
Seek comfort there, and not in vain their seeking.

'Twas Easter morn,
The world around that spot had not yet woke ;
Its countless chimneys breath'd no cank'ring smoke,
And not a cloud had seen that bright day born,
And fragrant flow'rs were op'ning to the sun,
And countless birds their warblings had begun,
Mingling their melody confus'd together,
Beneath that sky, that canopy of ether.

And there sat I—
And as I gaz'd upon that sunkiss'd lake,
A tiny bird flew down its thirst to slake ;
Poor little caroller ! it was a-dry,
And as it drank, and chirp'd, and drank again,
(And I myself was in a musing vein),
It seem'd so happy, and I fell a thinking,
While that poor little sparrow bird was drinking.

I thought it strange,
That Man, the choicest workmanship of God,
That wondrous mystery, that living clod,
The mightiest creature in creation's range,
Mid heav'n's provision, neither niggard, scant,
Should often pine and starve, and die, from want :
While this poor bird—'tis the same heav'n that feeds it,
Should find profusion—plenty—as it needs it.

'Twould wrong high Heav'n,
And that just being thron'd in glory there,
To think that he does thus unequal share,
Those gifts which he has so abundant giv'n ;
That Idleness has oft each want supplied,
While Labour's sons are oft *ev'n bread* denied.
God has giv'n all *for* all, so I believe it,
But selfish Man will not as such receive it.

Alas ! alas !

For hard-wrung bitter truth, 'tis man himself,
Whose thoughts are ever on one object—pelf—
His aim—possession of a glitt'ring mass.
Who seeks to promulgate in ev'ry land,
(While breaking it himself) Heav'n's high command,
Spoke by Heav'n's favour'd lips—" Love one another,"
Man cries " Amen,"—then spurns his better brother.

'Tis hard indeed

That stalwart Labour, sweating 'neath the sun,
Should meet hard recompence and scorn when done ;
'Tis hard that noble hearts should anguish'd bleed,
Who have, by heav'n inspir'd, their lives resign'd,
To teach—to please—to elevate mankind.
Oh, World! such spirits should be tended—guarded,
Thou reap'st their treasures, *they* starve—unrewarded.

Full many a scene

Of heart-wrung agony, and dark despair,
And willing labour, mock'd by cupboard bare,
And soul-sick mis'ry, have I felt and seen,
And hope-crush'd genius—Want, dire want, the cause—
That damn'd—that ruthless blight on Nature's laws.
Ev'n now remembrance makes my cheeks grow wetter,
Oh, World! God pity thee! God make thee better.

“ Father of love ! ”

(Thus did I think a silent, secret pray’r,
With unmov’d lips, in words not breath’d in air)

“ Great source of justice ! mighty pow’r above !

“ Oh, let *that* selfishness, which now is found

“ Upon this earth, in deepest hell be bound :

“ And from man’s nature, now so Mammon-knotted,

“ Let base hypocrisy and greed be blotted.

“ And do thou grant

“ A new born spirit, better men to make,

“ And new born feelings in each breast awake,

“ That man may banish from thy temples—Want ;

“ And let thy love so mingled be with life,

“ That earth no more may teem with blasting strife ;

“ And let thy peace in ev’ry heart entwining,

“ With kindred feelings man to man be joining.”

I thought no more—
The deep-toned clock broke on my reverie ;
'Twas time that I at plodding toil should be ;
So from that tempting spot myself I tore.
The thirsty bird long since had flown away,
Among the spring-dress'd trees to sing and play.
Yet many as slight a cause oft sets me thinking,
As when I saw that little bird a'drinking.

TO MARY ANN.

ANGELS! hover round my bed!

Lull me tranquilly to sleep;

Lay my over-weary head

In slumber grateful, deep.

Let me dream love's holiest dream,

Let my eyes one object scan;

Let, oh! let the pleasing theme

Be gentle Mary Ann.

Alas! I feel I cannot rest,

My stubborn eyelids will not close;

The fever raging in my breast,

No pity to me shews.

Mary ! I'm gazing on thee now !

Thy image rises, light as air ;

My eyes rest on thy beauteous brow,

So polish'd, smooth, and fair,

Oh ! had I melody from Heav'n,

Such sounds as mortals ne'er have known ;

How gladly should they all be giv'n

To sing thy praise alone.

The lightning flashing, vivid, bright

That bears destruction through the skies,

Is not more piercing than the light

From thy dark, dazzling eyes.

Thy bosom, heaving like the wave

In summer's peaceful stilly hour,

At once love's cradle and its grave,

I feel its magic pow'r.

Around thy gorgeous brow, confin'd

In glitt'ring simpleness, thy hair ;

Night did its darkest hours unbind,

To leave their essence there.

Thou'rt fair ! thou'rt altogether fair,

All undescrib'd, such charms as thine,

Oh ! what can Nature e'er compare

With graces such as thine.

Thou'rt like the sun, thou'rt like the moon ;

Thou'rt like the lovely spring-tide morn ;

Thou'rt like the glorious summer noon,

Of not one beauty shorn.

Thou'rt like the night, moon-lit and calm,

When all around is still as death,

When tiny zephyrs steal the balm

From thy sweet lips—thy breath.

Oh! Mary, could I call thee mine,
Thyself, thy beauties all my own,
I'd be a king—my realm divine,
And thy pure breast my throne.

My frame is worn, my cheek is pale,
My hours of joy have been but few;
Yet from thy lips I would inhale
Life, health, and joy anew.

Thou should'st restore the rosy bloom
That once upon my cheek appear'd;
And thou should'st banish all the gloom
That this sad heart hath sear'd.

With poet's care I would thee tend,
That sorrow never should annoy;
With poet's love, that knows no end,
I'd make thee all my joy.

Right willing, then, I'd welcome Death,
Right willing bend me to its dart ;
Since when in yielding life's last breath,
It would such bliss impart.

For, oh ! sweet angel, on thy breast,
White as the snow in valley driv'n,
So tranquil I should sink to rest,
To wake with thee in Heav'n.

LINES ON CHRISTMAS DAY,

1843.

Now all eyes are brightly beaming
Round the festive brimming bowl ;
Mirth and Joy and Pleasure streaming,
Open ev'ry heart and soul.

'Tis the time when Care is sleeping,
Chas'd by happy smiles away ;
'Tis the time when all are keeping
Love and Friendship's holiday.

'Tis the time when Beauty, smiling,
Adds her charms to ev'ry throng ;
All the merry hours beguiling—
'Tis the time for tale and song.

Now the wand'ring trav'ler ceases
Thro' the world awhile to roam ;
'Tis the time his love increases
For his fond, his childhood's home.

Blest season ! when together meeting
Round the cheerful Christmas fire ;
Each to share Affection's greeting,
Mother, daughter, son, and sire.

Alas ! for me no glasses glitter,
Sparkling with the ruby wine ;
But insipid, loathsome, bitter,
Is the cheerless cup that's mine.

And in the merry laughter joining,
Fever'd lips refuse to share ;
Round my heart no mirth entwining,
All is pain and sickness there.

Oh Beauty ! Heav'n's supremest blessing,
Giv'n to man to aid and please,
All your smiles and soft caressing
Cannot bring one moment's ease.

When poverty and pain assail us,
Rushing madly to our arms ;
Beauty's smiles cannot avail us,
Love and Friendship have no charms.

Christmas ! Christmas ! I've partaken
Of thy social festive board ;
Awhile those times will mem'ry waken,
And I think those joys restor'd.

They're not forgot, though now thou'rt dreary,
Days of former happiness,
Though now thou find'st me sick and weary,
Still I love thee none the less.

Come again, with faggots burning !
Come with all thy noble cheer ;
Come ! but let sweet Health returning,
Bless me in the coming year.

Then, should Fortune cease her frowning,
Dry a sparkling glass I'll drain ;
Care and Pain together drowning,
Christmas ! Christmas, come again !

LINES
ON
SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S RETURN FROM SYRIA.

Wow ! 'tis an unco wondrous tale,
The vera thought has made me pale,
My blude's as cold as frozen kail,
Frae toe to croun ;
They say a de'il without a tail
Has come to toun.

And strange ! I'm tauld this de'il is white,
And oft has grinn'd in mony a fight ;
And late the turban'd loons did fright,
By sea and lan' ;
For in his de'ilship's dreadfu' sight
They could na' stan'.

He ance wi' Death a bargain made,
(I dinna' ken, but sae 'tis said,)
That neither bullet, pike, nor blade,
His life should steer ;
An' 'twere na' true, I'm sair afraid
He'd no be here.

My neebour Tam, the ither day,
Gaed me a frien'ly ca' to say,
"The de'il at Shinty's gaun to play,
"Be sure it's true ;"
"Indeed," quo' I, "then I'll away
"To Shinty too."

Weel ! I hae seen this dwarfie de'il,
And faith ! he is a gamesome chiel ;
I caught him in a Hielan' reel,
Wi gracefu' gait.
And in Strathspey, wi' toe and heel
He was na' blate.

" Weel, weel," said I, " it's plain to me,
(For fient a horn or hoof had he,)

" That no relation ye can be

" To ither Nicks ;

" And may be, ye did never see

" The drumlie Styx."

Auld Jock Mac Nab was sitting ben,

I gae'd and speir'd " if he did ken

" If that daft tyke, that loup'd wi' men,

" A blythsome reel,

" Did really come frae Hornie's den,

" Or was a de'il ?"

Quo' Jock, " He is a de'il o' fame,

" A daring loon, that nane can tame ;

" And late has play'd a bonny game

" In some strange lan',

" But Man ! his tribe is no the same

" Wi' *Hornie's* clan."

Tam tauld me how this de'il had fought,
And Charlie Napier he was ca't ;
(Here Tam drain'd his last horn o' maut,)
 'Twas a' he kenn'd ;
I thank'd him for the news I sought,
 And hame did wend.

Yet Charlie, while thou art the boast
Of Britain's isle, from coast to coast,
List to a humble bardie's toast,
 In barley bree,
“ May Britain never want a host
 “ O' de'ils like thee.”



SONGS AND BALLADS.



MARION O' ELLERSLIE.^a

AIR "THE LEA RIG."

THE night came round, the day had fled,
The moon skimm'd through each cloudy wave ;
And Silence reigned o'er Nature's bed,
As Wallace stood by Marion's grave.
As when the dove mourns o'er his mate,
And wails his hapless destiny:—
So Wallace mourn'd the bitter fate
Of Marion o' Ellerslie.

“ Oh ! Marion, dear, now bless'd above,
Now joyful 'midst an angel clang ;
Thy Wallace needs thy soothing love,
To ease ilk waefu' piercing pang ;
Oh ! canst thou view my burning brain—
My bursting heart, Oh ! canst thou see ;
Oh ! canst thou heal my bosom's pain,
My Marion o' Ellerslie ! ”

“ The wild flowers bloom on bank and hill,
Ilk passing breeze pours forth its sang ;
I hear my ain sweet riv'let still,
As sportively it glides along :
But Nature's charms can ne'er reca'
My darling angel back to me ;
She's gane—that far out-vied them a',
My Marion o' Ellerslie ! ”

“ My once lov’d hame, now des’late made,
Each hov’ring wild bird o’er it weeps ;
And mould’ring near its ruins laid,
My murder’d Marion lonely sleeps.
Oh ! had I been but by thy side,
No arm should then have injur’d thee ;
Thou should’st have liv’d, or I have died,
My Marion o’ Ellerslie.”

“ ’Tis o’er ! my life—my love—farewell !
And vengeance dire shall soon be mine,
Soon shall the note o’ battle swell,
And soon the gleaming blade shall shine,
Oh ! then thy name my arm shall steel,
My thund’ring war-cry shall it be !
And Scotland’s foes thy fate shall feel,
My Marion o’ Ellerslie,”

He ceas'd, then kiss'd the moisten'd grave,
And on his horn one blast he blew ;
And quick a band o' warriors brave,
In silence flocking round him flew.
And hast'ning on, o'er hill and dale,
To fight for hame and liberty ;
One distant shout rose on the gale,
'Twas " Marion o' Ellerslie ! "

O! WHY ART THOU SAD, BONNY LASSIE?

AIR "LIZZIE LINDSAY."

"O! why art thou sad, bonny lassie?

"O! why is the tear in thine e'e?

"O! why art thou sad, bonny lassie?

"Come tell it, dear Jeannie, to me?"

"My mither says I'm no to luv' ye;

"I dinna ken what she can mean;

"She says, ye're a laird and a gentle,

"An' wait but to ruin her Jean."

“ Let’s gang to the kirk, dearest Jeannie,
“ That stan’s just ayont the burn side ;
“ And then we’ll awa to your mither,
“ And tell her I’ve made ye my bride.”

To the kirk by the side o’ the burnie,
The maid and the gentle hae been ;
His bonny wee wife he has made her,
For ever his beautiful Jean.

He has ta’en his sweet’ bride frae her cottage,
The flow’r o’ his castle to be ;
And he is the lord o’ Glenlossie,
The pride o’ Glenlossie is she.

THOUGH SILENT THE HARP THAT WAS
ONCE JUDAH'S GLORY.

Though silent the harp that was once Judah's glory,
Though broken its strings, and its splendour decay'd ;
Though they who once tun'd it to song and to story,
In death's chilly halls have long mouldering laid.
Yet 'tis not for ever that sweet harp shall slumber,
Its strings shall not always thus broken remain ;
New minstrels arising shall wake ev'ry number,
And sound it in freshness and glory again.

Though Judah's dark daughters, in beauty excelling,
Like wild flowers blossom, far, far from their home ;
No longer in Palestine's sunny clime dwelling,
But doom'd in the land of the stranger to roam.
Yet prouder than ever their beauty shall blossom,
When Judah once more in her triumph shall reign ;
Oh, bright will each eye be, and proud ev'ry bosom,
When gracing the halls of their fathers again.

Though scatter'd like waves, when the wild tempest rages,
Thy sons from the land of their love have been swept ;
Though sadness has blotted thy history's pages,
And long thy bright star has despondingly slept ;
Yet Judah ! thy spirit, for time has not tam'd it,
Shall break ev'ry link of Oppression's hard chain ;
And thy star again rising—for Heav'n has proclaimed it,
Shall beacon thy children to glory again.

O! COME, DEAREST MARY.

AIR "LAND OF THE WEST."

O Come, dearest Mary, together we'll gang
To the land of the lake, the heather, and sang ;
And the ha's o' my fathers, my glory an' pride,
They a' shall be thine, an' I'll make thee my bride ;
Together we'll fly love, O gie me thy hand,
And then we'll awa to my ain mountain land.

'Tis there the wild thistle, in stern native pride,
Woos saftly the lily that springs by its side ;

'Tis there the green mountains, wi' white crowns of snow,
And the loud dashing torrent that foams far below ;
O come then wi' me where the wild eagles rove,
And brighter shall sparkle the glance of my love.

O dear shall it be wi' thy Donald to roam,
'Mang the heather that circles my ain darling home,
Where the crystal stream winds, and the lambs gently play,
And soft feather'd song-birds shall tempt thee to stay.
O come then, dear Mary, and Nature enjoy,
And never shall care thy soft bosom annoy.

Our sweet mountain damsels, so fair to be seen,
Shall view thee wi' joy, and shall hail thee their queen,
And the free hardy swain, whom thy beauty shall charm,
Wi' rapture and gladness shall shield thee frae harm ;
O come then, dear Mary, nae longer delay,
To Scotland, lov'd Scotland, we'll hasten away.

SHINTY.^b

Rise up ! rise up ! ilk Hielan' wight,
The lark is up, the sun is bright ;
Sieze the camac ! grasp it tight,
An' haste awa' to Shinty.

CHORUS.

Then drain the quaich, fill again,
Loudly blaw the martial strain ;
An' welcome gie wi' might an' main,
To gude auld Hielan' Shinty.

Wi' bonnet blue, wi' kilt an' plaid,
Of ilka clannish hue array'd,
Up! muster in the greensome glade,
To fight this day at Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

Quick! doff' your claes to kilt an' sark,
Wi' wistfu' e'en beware the mark,
An' shins look out for ruefu' wark!
This day at Hielan' Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

But see! the ba' flies owre the dale,
Now high!—now low!—now on the gale!—
Back an' fore, now gains the hale,
Weel done for Hielan' Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

Wi' awfu' noise, wi' glorious din,
Like deer behin' the ba' they rin ;
Wi' mony a honest cheerfu' grin,
For gude auld Hielan' Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

'Tis owre,—for high amid the fun,
The piper's notes proclaim 'tis done ;
An' victory is baith lost an' won,
This day at Hielan' Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

An' now, wi' social mirth an' glee,
To end the sport we a' agree ;
Wi' whiskey bright, an' barley bree,
We'll drink to Hielan' Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

An' by my dirk, wi' gill an' stoup,
Wi' Hielan' mirth, an' festive loup ;
We'll sen' auld care to Davy's roup !
An' far awa' frae Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

Rise up ! rise up ! a reel ! a reel !
Ilk bonny lass, ilk gen'rous chiel ;
An' min, 'tis a' for Scotland's weel,
An' gude auld Hielan' Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

Quick ! piper, quick ! mair loudly blaw,
We'll dance it out, both great an' sma' ;
We'll keep it up, till morning's craw ;
'Tis a' for Hielan' Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

'Tho' death, wi' cauld relentless han',
Strikes one by one our social ban';
Before our game, he daur na stan',
For he's nae match for Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

Then may we a', that now are met,
Till Nature claims her final debt,
Be aye resolv'd, ne'er to forget
Our ancient Hielan' Shinty.

Then drain, &c.

BATTLE SONG OF THE '45.

ON, Sons o' Albin, on to glory!

Your glitt'ring swords for strife unsheath;

To arms!—your proud foes are before ye,—

On! on! for Victory or Death!

The battle this day shall be gory,

And red be the stain on the heath;

To arms! to arms! to arms! away!

For Victory or Death!

Hark ! hark ! for the pibroch is straining,

Ho ! gather, and on to the fray ;

The rights o' auld Scotia maintaining,

Wi' true temper'd claymores this day ;

A kingdom for Charlie regaining,

Tho' now it owns Hanover's sway ;

Speed on ! speed on ! ilk mountain heart,

For Victory or Death !

How long maun our country be groaning ?

How long maun proud tyranny rule ?

How long maun our lov'd ones be moaning ?

'Their voices be broken wi' dool ?

Their sangs o' lament they are toning,

For us they the willow do wreathe ;

Away ! away ! for hame and love,

To Victory or Death !

But now we'll no more be deploring,
See ! Charlie now stan's at our head ;
For him, we will fight seas o' gore in,
And bleed as our fathers hae bled ;
His crown and his right then restoring,
His ain will be mountain an' heath ;
Speed on ! speed on ! for Scotland's right !
On ! Victory or Death !

HOPE.

When Life's fair morn becomes o'ercast

With clouds of grief and gloom ;

And sorrow's with'ring wintry blast,

Nips all its spring-tide bloom—

When all around is dark and drear,

With sad and sick'ning care ;

Hope whispers comfort in the ear,

And bids us not despair.

When mid-day comes, and youth's fond dreams
Are blighted, dead, and gone;
And not one ray of comfort beams,
To cheer the wand'rer on—
When Earth has lost its fairest charms,
And life is hard to bear;
Hope clasps us fondling in its arms,
And bids us not despair.

But when at length life's ev'ning sun
Our brows with age has prest,
Our toilsome, dreary journey done,
We seek the grave—to rest.
Then sorrow from our hearts is driv'n
And all again is fair;
For Hope, exulting, points to heav'n
And bids us not despair.

CLUNY'S LAMENT.^c

ON Gallia's white shore, when the twilight was closing,
And nought could be heard but the soft coming wave;
And Nature from sunshine and toil was reposing,
An Exile his tale to the night breezes gave;
His loose falling locks quick to silver were growing,
His eyes wildly gaz'd o'er the moon-lighted main,
He sigh'd, while the tears on his bosom were flowing,
" Oh ! Scotland, I ne'er shall behold thee again."

“ Where are ye, my clansmen, my brothers in danger ?

Alas ! ye are scatter'd like mist in the air ;

And wandering sad, in the land of the stranger,

Proud heroes of Chattan, your chieftain is there !

Alas ! for the fate of my ancestors' dwelling,

'Twas lighted by demons with torches of hell ;

The birds left their homes, while the red glare was swelling,

And madly they scream'd when the battlements fell.”

“ I'll mingle my tears with the billows of ocean,

Be kindly, ye waves, for my bosom is sore ;

Convey them the drops of my anguish'd emotion,

And leave them in safety on Laggan's dear shore.

Oh ! Laggan, lov'd spot ! 'tis for ever we're parted ;

None will to his country the exile restore ;

Soon, thinking on home, I shall die broken-hearted,

For I shall see Scotland and Laggan no more.”

“ Oh ! Fancy, be silent, my sad breast is weary,

From visions of mem’ry, oh ! could I refrain ;

Their brightness is lustreless, faded, and dreary,

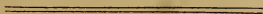
Alas ! I shall never see Scotland again.”

The midnight grew dark, and deep gloom did surround him,

The wind on the ocean did sullenly roar ;

And gath’ring his dew-cover’d mantle around him,

He mournfully wended his way from the shore.



O ! FOR MY MOUNTAIN DEARIE.

AIR, "SLEEPING MAGGIE."

O ! for my mountain dearie !

O for my mountain dearie !

Gloomy is the time to me,

When I'm awa' frae thee, my Mary.

O'er the hill, an' thro' the moor,

Although the storm is howling dreary ;

Storm an' blast I'll glad endure,

To ha'e a kiss frae mountain Mary.

O ! for, &c.

Tho' the snaw my path should hide,
My longing steps shall ne'er be weary,
Tho' dread warlocks by me glide,
I'll brave them a' for mountain Mary.
O! for, &c.

Swiftly come, ye blissfu' day,
That gi'es to me my mountain fairy ;
Glad I'll ca' her mine for aye,
An' to my bosom press my Mary.
O! for, &c.

SWIMMING SOCIETY'S GATHERING.

AIR "PIBROCH O' DHONUIL DHUI."

Strachan !* with the mountain dew,

Up from your pillow ;

The sun on the ocean blue,

Gilds every billow.

Come away to the lake,

Whose green sides are brimming ;

See ! the morn is awake,

Come ! come ! to the swimming.

Come away, &c.

* John Strachan, Esq. (pronounced *Straun*) Founder of the Society.

Come away each true heart,

The white waves are splashing ;

Thro' the foam like a dart,

Strip ! strip ! and be dashing :

O'er the mariner's grave

We'll roam without danger ;

Like the swan on the wave,

We'll each be a ranger.

Come away, &c.

Leave the low cottage door,

And castle so pleasant :

Gather rich, gather poor,

Come noble, come peasant ;

Come the sire, come the son,

From mountain and valley ;

Quick ! the strife has begun,

Haste ! haste ! to the rally.

Come away, &c.

Sons of Britain, arise !

Leave sleep and leave dreaming ;

For the sun's in the skies,

The waters are gleaming :

Come away to the lake,

Whose green sides are brimming ;

See ; the morn is awake,

Come ! come to the swimming.

Come away, &c.



MORAG.

AIR "KATHLEEN O' MORE."

The dew o' the morning to Nature is sweet,
But dearer to me are the tears when I greet,

For thee my ain Morag,
My beautiful Morag,
Ma vourneen mo chri'. *

Oh! aft do I min', when wi' heart fu' o' glee,
I've hasten'd at ev'ning to wander wi' thee,

My ain darling Morag,
My beautiful Morag,
Ma vourneen mo chri'.

* Darling of my heart.

But mem'ry, alas ! gars my bosom sae sair,
I've tint thee for ever, sae youthfu' an' fair.

My ain darling Morag,
My beautiful Morag,
Ma vourneen mo chri'.

Oh ! never again shall I taste the sweet bliss,
That dwelt on my lips at ilk fond parting kiss
Of thine, dearest Morag,
My beautiful Morag,
Ma vourneen mo chri'.

Thou'rt gane, and hast left me behin' to complain,
That I maunna' see thee my Morag again.

My ain darling Morag,
My beautiful Morag,
Ma vourneen mo chri'.

The sun maun be cauld in the heav'n high above,
Before I forget thee, my darling, my love.

My gentle sweet Morag,
My beautiful Morag,
Ma vourneen mo chri'.

Ilk night will I gang to the kirkyard sae drear,
And sing a sad farewell to Morag, my dear.

Farewell, darling Morag!
My beautiful Morag,
Ma vourneen mo chri'.

SOFT! I SEE AN ANGEL'S TEAR.

SOFT! I see an angel's tear,

I hear an angel o'er me sighing ;

Is it thou, my Mary dear,

Weeping o'er thy lover dying ?

Oh ! 'tis sweet this parting bliss,

'Tis for me, those tears are streaming ;

Give my burning cheek one kiss,

'Twill tell me that I am not dreaming.

Mary, stay and cheer my soul,
 Soon from thee I shall be taken ;
Swift the number'd moments roll,
 When I shall sleep, no more to waken.
Press my hand, 'twill soon be dead,
 Soon, ah, soon thou'lt cease to hear me ;
On thy bosom lay my head,
 'Tis sweet to die, when thou art near me.

Wilt thou, love, when I'm at rest,
 Oft, when summer days are closing,
Drop a tear, to mem'ry blest,
 Upon the spot where I'm reposing ?
Mary, press my hand again,
 Now from thee, love, I must sever ;
Death like this can never pain,
 Good night ! my love, good night, for ever.

MARY STUART'S LAST SONG.

HARK ! the dismal turret bell !

Up ! my maidens from your slumber,
'Tis poor Mary's dying knell,

Brief her hours, and few their number.

Now ! now ! my maids, prepare me ;

Now ! now ! my maids, prepare me ;

As a Queen, I would be seen

When from life they come to tear me.

Happy, happy, happy day,

Like a bride, my maidens tend me ;

Soon from earth I'll haste away,

Soon to brighter scenes I'll wend me.

Now, now, my maids, prepare me,

Now, now, my maids, prepare me ;

O'er my grave let willows wave,

Maidens, when from life they tear me.

Once again these tresses braid,

Maidens, 'tis your parting duty ;

Death in me shall see display'd,

Injur'd innocence and beauty.

Now, now, my maids, prepare me,

Now, now my maids, prepare me :

Ere I fall, I pardon all,

Maidens, though from life they tear me.

THE POLISH MOTHER'S SONG.

Alas ! alas ! my weary heart,
My cheeks with scalding sorrow smart,
For low my Country captive lies ;
I hear its sick'ning, dismal cries—
No hope I've left, I've now no joy,
But thee alone, my darling boy—
Lie still, sweet little babe, and sleep,
While o'er thy slumb'ring form I weep.

My darling child, upon thy face,
Thy exiled father's smile I trace;
Too soon! alas, with bitter woe,
Thy sire's heart-breaking fate thou'lt know—
Too soon thou'lt hear thy country's groans
Re-echo to his distant moans—

Lie still, sweet little babe, and sleep,
While o'er thy slumb'ring form I weep.

I'll tell thee, boy, in future years,
Of Poland's wrongs, and Poland's tears;
And while thy madden'd heart will bleed,
Thy sword and arm shall Poland need.
Oh! then 'twill glad thy mother's breast,
To see thy brow by Freedom prest,—

Lie still, sweet little babe, and sleep,
While o'er thy slumb'ring form I weep.

Heav'n speed, my child, the anxious day,
When thou shalt mingle in the fray ;
When Poland's sons, arous'd once more,
Shall long-lost liberty restore—
Oh ! then, my boy, thou must not pause,
But live or die for Poland's cause.

Awake, my boy, no longer sleep,
My song is done, no more I'll weep.

THE CRACKLING OF THE LOG.

ON Christmas ev'ning, when around

The red fire blazing bright ;

There is a comfort-speaking sound

Which gives to all delight ;

The chilling wint'ry wind may blow,

Be 't hail, or dreary fog ;

One thing will make all bosoms glow,

It is the crackling of the log.

Yes ! Christmas is of all the year
The choicest time by far ;
To faithful Friendship doubly dear ;
With joys Care cannot mar.
For there's a sound, which in each breast,
Removes sad Sorrow's clog,
Within all memories deep imprest,
It is the crackling of the log.

The great may dwell in stately halls,
And feast in lordly style ;
The poor within their humble walls
May happy be the while.
The peer may quaff his sparkling wine,
The peasant sip his grog ;
Yet both with kindred hearts will join
In praises of the Christmas log.

A MITHER'S LAMENT.

THE bloom has fled frae Ellen's cheek,
The lustre frae her eyes ;
And on her couch, worn down and weak,
My lovely blossom lies.
Sad fears come o'er my aching heart,
Whene'er her form I see ;
Oh ! Death, pass by her—dinna part
My lovely bairn and me.

Oh ! none can tell a mither's fears,
Or yet a mither's care ;
Nor ken how sad a mither's tears,
How dreadful her despair ;
Oh ! if no pow'r my joy will save,
Together let us dee ;
And lay us baith within one grave,
My only bairn and me.

I'll no upbraid thee—nor just Heav'n
At thy decrees repine ;
For when thou tak'st what thou hast giv'n,
Thou tak'st but what is thine.
Yet hear a mither's fervent pray'r,
While low on bended knee :—
Take no away my only care,
Take no my bairn frae me.

N O T E S.

NOTES TO A BARD'S REVERIE.

NOTE (a) page 12.

“ He gave to misery all he had — a tear.”

NOTE (b) page 17.

“ No more on prancing palfrey borne,
“ He carol'd light as lark at morn ;
“ No longer courted and caress'd,
“ High plac'd in hall, a welcome guest,
“ He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
“ The unpremeditated lay ;
“ Old times were chang'd, old manners gone,” &c.
(Lay of the Last Minstrel.)

NOTE (c) page 23.

OTWAY'S death is said to have occurred in the following manner :

Having become reduced to the most abject state of destitution, and impelled by the most appalling pangs of hunger, he rushed into a coffee-house, and seeing a gentleman there to whom he was known, he approached him, and

in a voice resembling that of a maniac, roared out, "Give me a guinea." The gentleman immediately threw down two guineas, which the poet seized, and quickly departed to procure wherewith to satisfy his craving appetite. Seeing a baker's shop-window open, and a tempting array of loaves displayed, he threw down a guinea, and caught up one of the loaves; but, alas! the first mouthful choked him, "and he died."

NOTE (*d*) page 23.

Thomas Chatterton, "the wonderful boy of Bristol," one of the most extraordinary genuises that ever illuminated the literary world, whose poems will never cease to be read with mingled emotions of delight and regret, was born at Bristol, Nov. 20th, 1752. In his fifteenth year, while serving his apprenticeship with an attorney, from some cause, never clearly ascertained, he devoted his spare time to the study of "old writings and of obsolete English words." Soon after he wrote those sublime effusions known by the title of "The Rowleian Manuscripts," which afterwards became "the subject of debate and controversy to the most dignified names in literature." In the year 1770 Chatterton arrived in London, where we find him labouring diligently in the paths of literature for a livelihood; at one time buoyed up with the most flattering prospects of a bright future, and at another, sinking to the lowest depths of despondency. At length the accumulated horrors of poverty burst upon him, which, together with those slights from the world which his proud spirit could not brook, drove him at last to commit suicide, which he did on the 24th of August, 1770, by swal-

lowing arsenic and water, being then only in his eighteenth year. "Poor Chatterton." In the words of a late Monthly Reviewer, "Let him breathe his own sweetest requiem:"

"O sing unto my roundelay,

"Drop the briny tear with me!

"Dance no more at holiday,

"Like a running river be!

"My love is dead,

"Gone to his death-bed,

"All under the willow tree."

(*Minstrel's song in "Ella."*)

NOTE (e) page 23.

ROBERT FERGUSON, another blighted blossom of poetry, was born September 5th, 1751. The sublime efforts of his muse will ever find a welcome in the home of the Scottish peasant. It is to his poem of "The Farmer's Ingle," that the world owes Burns's beautiful composition, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Indeed, the subjects of many of Burns's most admired compositions are taken from Ferguson's poems, and written in his style. Without patronage, and without friends, Ferguson passed a weary existence in the humble capacity of "a lawyer's clerk," till at length the cravings of want, aided, perhaps, by a religious fanaticism which came over him, drove him mad. We are told, that, "When committed to the receptacle for the insane, a consciousness of his dreadful fate seemed to come over him. At the moment of his entrance he uttered a wild cry of despair, which was re-echoed from all the inmates of the dreadful

“ mansion, and left an impression of inexpressible horror on
 “ the friends who attended. In a few days, his poverty-
 “ stricken mother, who had reluctantly committed her son
 “ to a public hospital, from her inability to support him,
 “ received remittances sufficient to defray the expenses of his
 “ attendance at home, but they arrived too late—the poor
 “ maniac was already dead.” Ferguson died at the early
 age of twenty-three.

NOTE (f) page 24.

When Burns was in Edinburgh, reaping a golden harvest from the sale of his poems, he paid a visit to the grave of Ferguson, which he found (in his own words) “ unnoticed and unknown ;” animated by feelings which will for ever do honor to his memory, he wrote the following letter to the church authorities upon the subject :

“ *To the Honorable Bailies of Canongate, Edinburgh.*

“ Gentlemen,—I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Ferguson, the so justly celebrated Poet, a man whose talents, for ages to come, will do honour to our Caledonian name, lies in your churchyard among the ignoble dead, unnoticed and unknown ; some monument to direct the steps of the lovers of Scottish song, when they wish to shed a tear over the “ narrow house” of the bard who is now no more, is surely due to his memory, a tribute I wish to have the honour of paying—I petition you then, Gentlemen, to lay a simple stone over his revered ashes, to remain an unalienable property to his deathless fame.

“ I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

“ Your very humble Servant,

“ (*sic subscribitur*) ROBERT BURNS.”

Burns’s request was complied with, and accordingly he erected a headstone upon the grave of Ferguson in the

Canongate churchyard, upon which was placed the following inscription :—

“ HERE LIES ROBERT FERGUSON,

“ BORN SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1751.

“ DIED 16TH OCTOBER, 1774.

“ No sculptur’d marble here, nor pompous lay,

“ No storied urn nor animated bust ;

“ This simple stone directs pale Scotia’s way,

“ To pour her sorrows o’er her poet’s dust.”

“ By special grant of the Managers to Robert Burns, who erected this stone, this burial place is to remain for ever sacred to the memory of Robert Ferguson.”

NOTE (g) page 25.

I wrote this song to a most beautiful Gaelic air *Mhàiri Bhan Òg* (Fair Young Mary) the composition of Duncan Mac Intyre, or as he is familiarly styled in the highlands “ *Donnachadh Bàn Oran*,” (Fair Duncan of the songs) who died at Edinburgh in 1812.—In a short notice of his life, which I have at present before me, it is stated that, “ None of the Highland poets have been placed by their countrymen on a higher niche in the temple of fame than Duncan Mac Intyre, and no one acquainted with Gaelic poetry will deny that he is well entitled to the distinction ; he has frequently and justly been styled the Robert Burns of the Highlands.” Although he could neither read nor write, “ yet, notwithstanding, the whole of the poems and songs contained in his admirable collection are solely of his own composition, unassisted by any thing but the direction

“and power of his own genius.—His poetical talents, therefore, justly entitle him to rank among the first of Celtic Bards, for all good judges of Celtic poetry agree that nothing like the purity of his Gaelic and the style of his poetry has appeared in the highlands of Scotland since the days of his countryman Ossian.”

NOTE (h) page 26.

“When the world became fully aware of what a genius (Chatterton) it had permitted to perish in obscurity and neglect, it turned round to look for some one upon whom it might throw the blame of so shameful a catastrophe.”—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

NOTE (i) page 29.

“The Flowers of the Forest” is said by Sir Walter Scott to have been the title of an early ballad, respecting the disasters of the battle of Flodden Field:—“The men of Selkirkshire, or the Forest, suffered grievously on that day, and some contemporaneous rhymers had chronicled the affair in a ballad, of which no part has been preserved but one verse containing a very affecting image:

“Now I ride single on my saddle,

“Since the flowers of the Forest are a’ wede away.”

(*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.)

NOTE (j) page 31.

“ MC DONALD of Glencoe, having been one day later than the time prescribed, in making his submission to King William, the Earl of Braidalbin, his private enemy, devoted him to destruction. He represented him at court as an incorrigible rebel, and a ruffian inured to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws of his country, nor live peaceably under any sovereign. He observed that he had paid no regard to the proclamation; and proposed that the government should sacrifice him to the quiet of the kingdom, by extirpating him, with his family and dependents, by military execution. His advice was supported by the suggestions of the other Scottish ministers; and the king, whose chief virtue was not humanity, signed a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people, though it does not appear that he knew of Mc Donald's submission. An order for this barbarous execution, signed and countersigned by his majesty's own hand, being transmitted to the master of Stair, secretary for Scotland, he sent particular directions to Livingstone, who commanded the troops in that kingdom, to put the inhabitants of Glencoe to the sword, charging him to take no prisoners, that the scene might be more terrible. In the month of February, Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from Major Duncanson, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle's Highland regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Mc Donald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered as friends, and promised upon his honour that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his

men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal period approached. Mc Donald and Campbell having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual expressions of the warmest affection. The younger Mc Donald, perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicions to his brother; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity; nevertheless, the two young men went forth privately to make observations. They overheard the common soldiers say they liked not the work; that though they would willingly have fought the Mc Donalds of the Glen fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cool blood; but that their officers were answerable for their treachery. When the youths hastened back to apprise their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded, they heard the discharge of muskets, the shrieks of women and children, and, being destitute of arms, secured their own lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The Laird of Auchintrincken, Mc Donald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question; a boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Eight and thirty persons suffered in this manner, the greatest part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to im-

plore the divine mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred : but some of the detachments did not arrive in time to secure the passes, so that one hundred and sixty escaped. Campbell, having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the face of the whole country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehension of immediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste, before they could receive the least comfort or assistance. This barbarous massacre, perpetrated under the sanction of king William's authority, though it answered the immediate purpose of the government, by striking terror into the hearts of the Jacobite Highlanders, excited the horror of all those who had not renounced every sentiment of humanity, and produced such an aversion to the government, as all the arts of ministers could never totally surmount."— *Smollett's Hist. of England.*

Note (k) Page 36.

The most terrible and meaning oath a Highlander could swear, was *by his dirk*.

Note (U) Page 38.

Bloody William—Billy the butcher—and other similar epithets are still made use of in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, when speaking of William, Duke of Cumberland, in consequence of the sanguinary cruelties perpetrated after the battle of Culloden having been committed by his orders.

NOTES TO SONGS AND BALLADS.

Note (a) Page 117.

Marion was the wife of Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, and was inhumanly murdered by Arthur Haselrigge, one of the officers of King Edward the First.

Note (b) Page 127.

Shinny—Shinty—Hockey—Club, &c., are all one and the same game, with slight alterations. A very curious account of its antiquity, &c., by William Menzies, Esq., may be found among the papers of the Gaelic Society. This Society, which numbers among its members several sterling literary Highlanders, meets on the second Monday evening in each month at the British Coffee House, Cockspur Street. Strangers are admitted upon payment of a trifling fee.

NOTE (c) page 137.

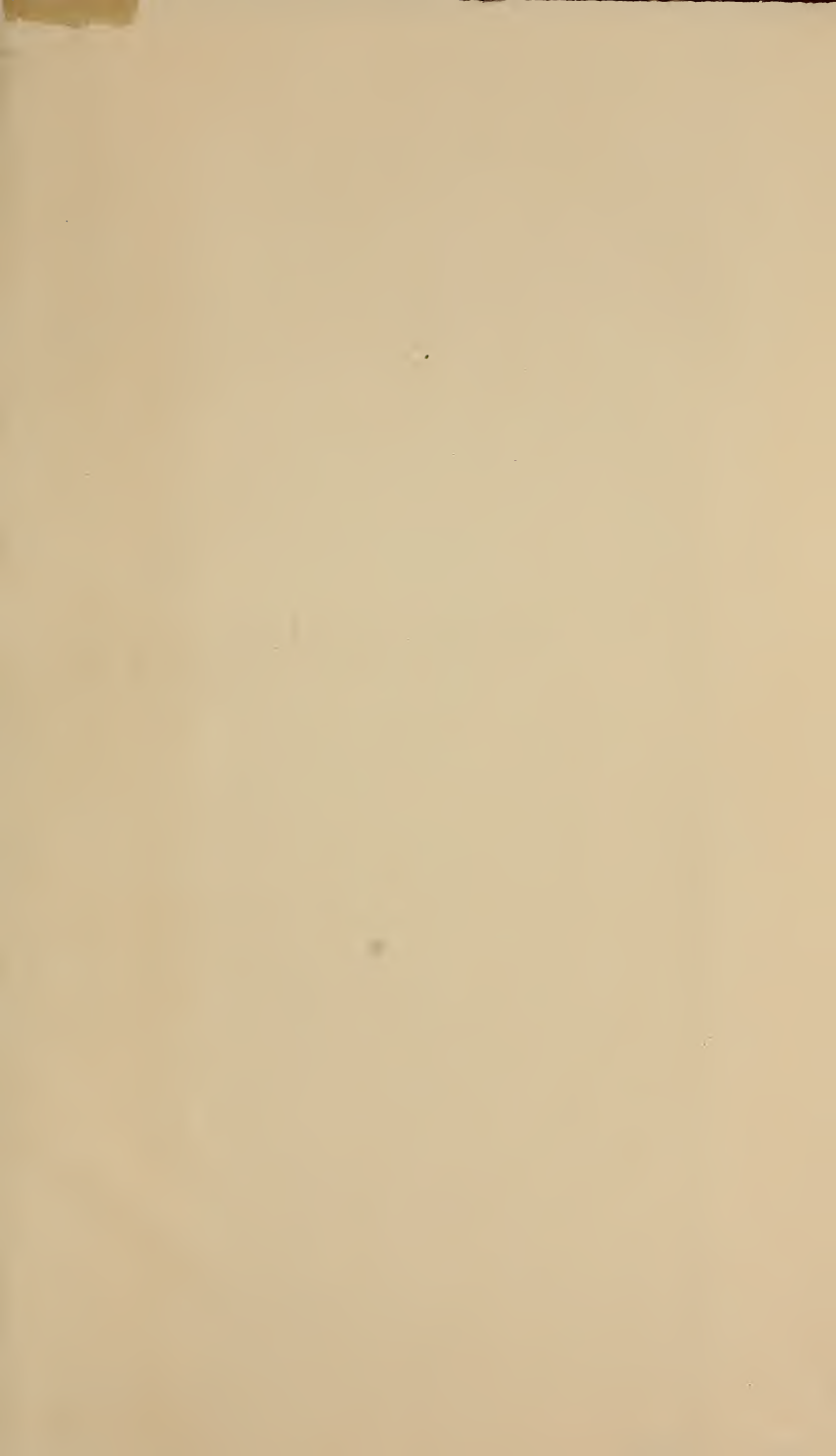
Cluny Macpherson, chief of Clan Chattan, in consequence of the active part taken by him in the rising of 1745, was attainted, and a large reward offered for his apprehension. Notwithstanding the tempting offer, his followers, with a fidelity never surpassed and but rarely equalled, concealed him in different caverns on his own estate, for the almost incredible space of *nine* years, and supplied him with everything he needed, until he at last succeeded in escaping to France, where he died, after two years of unhappy exile.

GLOSSARY.

A', <i>all.</i>	Hale, <i>winning place.</i>
Aft, <i>oft, often.</i>	Han', <i>hand.</i>
Ain, <i>own.</i>	Hame, <i>home.</i>
Amaist, <i>almost.</i>	Ilk—Ilka, <i>each, every.</i>
Awa', <i>away.</i>	Loup, <i>to leap, to dance.</i>
Awfu', <i>awful.</i>	Luve, <i>love.</i>
Ba', <i>ball.</i>	Mair, <i>more.</i>
Baith, <i>both.</i>	Mang, <i>among.</i>
Ban', <i>band.</i>	Min', <i>mind.</i>
Blaw, <i>blow.</i>	Maun, <i>must.</i>
Burnie, <i>diminutive of burn,</i> <i>a small stream.</i>	Maunna', <i>must not.</i>
Ca', <i>call.</i>	Mou', <i>mouth.</i>
Camac, <i>a crooked club.</i>	Na'—Nae, <i>no, not.</i>
Cauld, <i>cold.</i>	O', <i>of.</i>
Chiel, <i>a lad.</i>	Owre, <i>over.</i>
Claes, <i>clothes.</i>	Quaich, <i>a drinking horn.</i>
Craw, <i>crow.</i>	Reca', <i>recall.</i>
Daft, <i>bereft of reason.</i>	Rin, <i>run.</i>
Daur, <i>dare.</i>	Roup, <i>a sale, an auction.</i>
Dearie, <i>diminutive of dear.</i>	Ruefu', <i>rueful.</i>
Dinna ken, <i>don't know.</i>	Sae, <i>so.</i>
Dool, <i>sorrow, grief.</i>	Saft, <i>soft.</i>
E'e, <i>eye.</i>	Sair, <i>sore.</i>
E'en, <i>eyes.</i>	Sang, <i>song.</i>
Frae, <i>from.</i>	Sark, <i>shirt.</i>
Fu', <i>full.</i>	Sma', <i>small.</i>
Gane, <i>gone.</i>	Snaw, <i>snow.</i>
Gang, <i>to go, go.</i>	Stan', <i>stand.</i>
Gars, <i>makes.</i>	Stoup, <i>a drinking vessel.</i>
Gie, <i>give.</i>	Ta'en, <i>taken.</i>
Gloomfu', <i>gloomy.</i>	Tint, <i>lost.</i>
Greet, <i>to weep.</i>	Waefu', <i>woeful.</i>
Gude, <i>good.</i>	Wark, <i>work.</i>
Ha', <i>hall.</i>	Weel, <i>well, welfare.</i>
Hae, <i>have.</i>	Wi', <i>with.</i>
	Wistfu', <i>wistfull.</i>

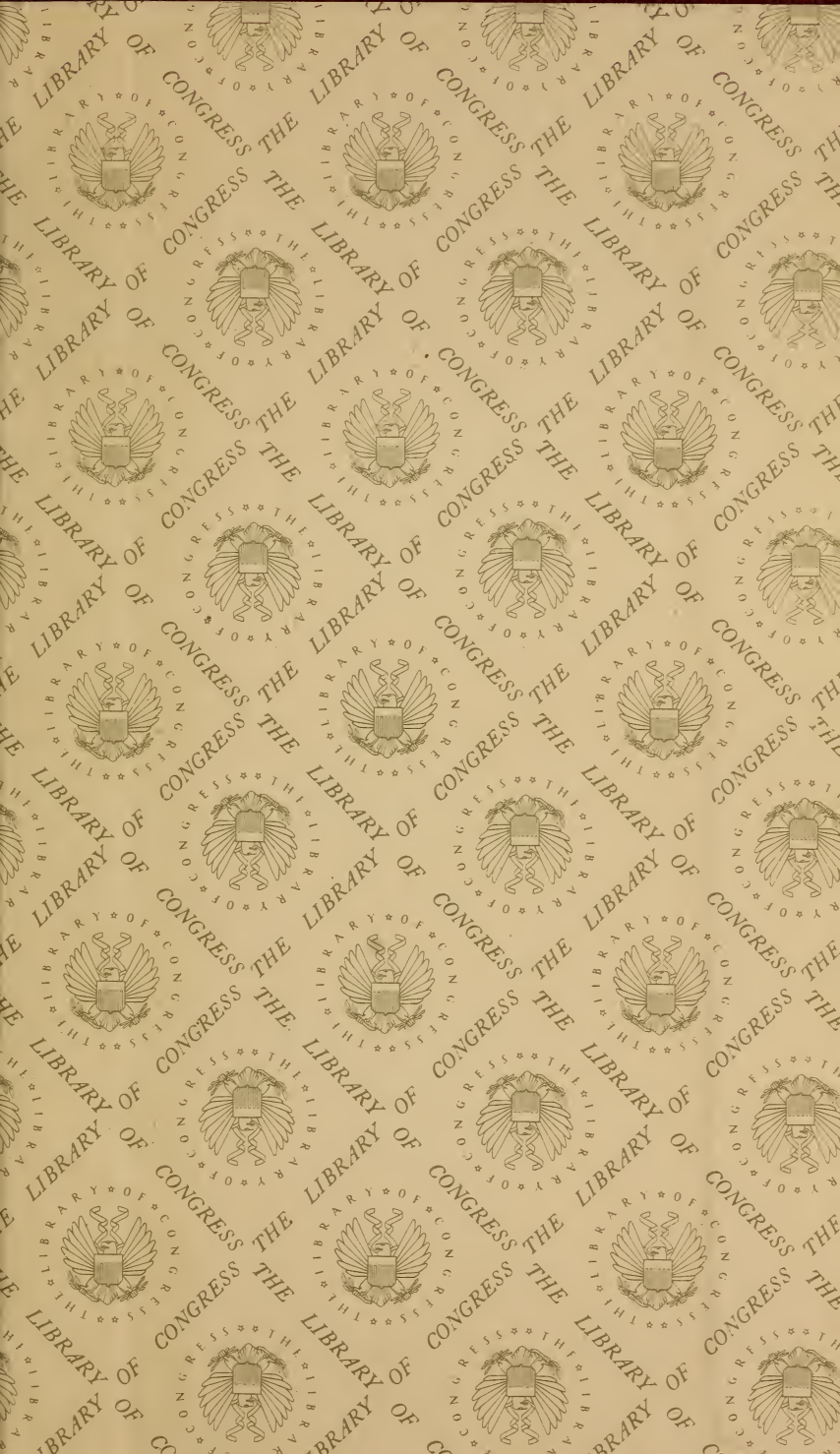
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